The New-York Times.

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THE STATE CAPITAL.

A Busy Day in the Senate and House.

Difficulties in the Way of the Pneumatic Tunnel Bill.

Measures Adopted to Insure a Better Supply of Gas.

Investigation into the Frauds in the Department of Public Works.

Proposed Repeal of the Westchester Boulevard Act.

From Our Own Correspondent.

ALBANY, Saturday, March 9, 1872.

Considerable progress was made today in the business of both Houses, although, as usual on Saturdays, the attendance was slim and the sessions short. The fact is that thus late in the week the talking men are mostly absent; those who remain do so because they desire to forward the solid business of the Legislature. Hence there are a large number of bills introduced, a large number of reports presented and many of the bills on general orders considered by a committee of the whole—a sort of business which can be done just as well without a quorum as with, so long as nobody takes public notice of the fact.

THE PNEUMATIC TUNNEL.

As indicated in these dispatches, last evening, the Beach Pneumatic Tunnel was reported today, but in the Senate, only, and out of this fact is likely to grow a serious misunderstanding. The facts appear to be as follows: The two Railroad Committees, at their joint session, last evening, instructed their respective Chairmen to report the bill in question, provided they found the articles of incorporation in the Secretary of State's office in proper and regular shape. The Chairman, Senator MADDEN, and Mr. WHITBECK, acting in the absence of Mr. WHITE, as Chairman of the House Committee, proceeded together to examine the articles on file. Mr. MADDEN, who is no lawyer, but a manufacturer and a most zealous advocate of the Pneumatic plan considered them, after a brief examination, "all right," but on the contrary Mr. WHITBECK, a keen lawyer, thought the papers defective, and decided it his duty to delay the report until further instructed by his Committee, or until the papers lacking should be supplied. There is a good deal of feeling on the subject, and accusations of bad faith are freely made by the lobby, who support the Pneumatic. But it will become evident, when all the facts are made known, that Mr. WHITBECK could not, under the circumstances, pursue any other course than that which he has taken.

GAS REFORM.

A very stringent bill, introduced originally by Mr. MOULTON, has been on the file some weeks, the effect of which is to compel gas companies to improve the quality of gas furnished, and to put an end to some of their most common abuses. The bill was before the Committee of the Whole again this morning, and, after some amendment, was ordered to a third reading. As amended, it is as follows:

An act in relation to the manufacture, quality, and inspection of gas.

The People of the State of New-York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. All corporations now or hereafter organized, for the purpose of manufacturing illuminating gas under the act passed Feb. 14, 1847, and actually engaged in the manufacture and sale of gas, for public lighting of streets and other public buildings, shall be required to furnish at the place of manufacture, gas of not less than sixteen candle power. The standard of measurement being a sperm candle, burning one half pound per hour.

SEC. 2. Such gas shall also contain in its form or combination more than thirty grains of sulphur and ten grains of ammonia per thousand feet; for more than a trace of other impurities, such as bisulphide of carbon, carbonic oxyd, one-half of one per cent of nitrogen, and two per cent of atmospheric air.

SEC. 3. The pressure at the meters of consumers shall be maintained at a pressure of not less than nine-tenths of an inch water pressure between half an hour after sunset and 11 P. M. each day; and in no case shall such pressure fall below the intensity of an inch and a half.

SEC. 4. Every failure or omission on the part of any gas company to comply with the provisions of the foregoing sections shall, unless proved to the satisfaction of the Court to be from causes beyond the control of the company, be deemed a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by fine against the company offending of not less than five hundred nor more than one thousand dollars.

SEC. 5. Every inspector of meters who shall make any false or fraudulent certificate of inspection, or shall affix his seal to any gas-meter not authorized to be sealed by law, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be punished by fine not to exceed $2,000, or by imprisonment not to exceed one year, or both, in the discretion of the Court.

SEC. 6. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this act, or any of its provisions, are hereby repealed.

SEC. 7. This act shall take effect immediately.

SEC. 8. It shall be a misdemeanor for any gas company to refuse or neglect to supply gas to any person or persons who may apply for the same, on account of the failure of any preceding consumer to pay for gas consumed on the same premises.

It remains to be seen whether the gas interest of the State, which is so powerful and so skilled in dealing with the Legislature, will permit this bill to pass without an effort to prevent it. So far the companies have shown no signs of life.

ANOTHER INVESTIGATION.

Col. HAWKINS introduced the following:

Whereas, It has been a matter of public notoriety, founded upon positive and sworn testimony, that have not been contradicted, and it is generally believed, that grave abuses of power and frauds of various kinds have been perpetrated by charter and County officers of the City and County of New-York, greatly to the detriment of the public service, in the Department of Public Works, the Tax Commissioner's office, the Surrogate's office, and in the opening, widening and paving of streets, and generally in new streets laid out and paved with wooden pavements; and

Whereas, It is believed that the same allegations of abuse of power and fraudulent practices can be verified in relation to some of the transactions of the present Water Commissioners in the City of Brooklyn; it is now, therefore,

Resolved, That the Committee on the Affairs of Cities, or a subcommittee thereof, be hereby authorized to proceed to the said Cities of New-York and Brooklyn for the purpose of investigating and making detailed report of the facts in relation to the letting of said streets and roads, with full power to subpoena witnesses, and papers which may be deemed necessary, and administer oaths to the witnesses examined, and said Committee, or any member thereof, shall have the power to employ a stenographer, at a rate not exceeding $10 per day, for a period not longer than twenty days; and further, that the expenses of such investigation are authorized to accompany said Committee.

Mr. HAWKINS called attention to the fact that, owing to the late hour, there were not likely to be found sixty-five members present who would vote for it, and as it involved an expenditure of money, the number of votes was necessary to pass it. It was therefore tabled.

UNION PACIFIC.

A communication was received from the Union Pacific Railroad Company inclosing a resolution, which was adopted, for the appointment of a committee to investigate the facts in the matter of the judicial proceedings instituted against the Company by the late JAMES FISK, Jr., and one FOLGARD, which obliged the Company to remove their offices from New-York to Boston.

ONE RATA PERIODICAL.

The old fault, which has been so often tugged in the Legislature on the question of reducing the charges of railroads in this State to the matter of local way freights, bids fair to break out again with great spirit. A bill was introduced by Senator Johnson, which directs that "no railroad company doing business in this state shall charge, receive or collect any greater sum for transporting freight over a portion of their road than they charge for carrying the same class of freight over the entire line of their road. A penalty of $100 is imposed for every violation of the act. This bill is aimed at the Central, which is alleged to be in the habit of charging higher rates for freight carried by it, for short distances, than for that transported the whole length of the road. Mr. JOHNSON has fought the question with great zeal, the Railroad Committee reported adversely to his bill, but he succeeded in reversing their judgment in the Senate and sending the bill to the Committee of the Whole. Today, we had another skirmish, and the same Senator succeeded, in spite of the opposition of the Chairman of the Railroad Committee, Mr. MADDEN, in having the bill made a special order for Thursday next.

REPEAL OF THE WESTCHESTER BOULEVARD ACT.

The monstrous act passed last year giving to the New-York Ring and their confederates in Westchester County the right to cut roads and boulevards through the lower section of that county, is in a fair way to be repealed. The bill to effect that object, introduced some time ago by Senator ROBERTSON, was ordered to a third reading in the Senate today.

MILLER'S RESIGNATION.

I notice in several papers a contradiction of a report, assumed to have been published in the TIMES, that Superintendent MILLER was going to resign his office. The last contradiction that has come under my notice dates from Albany, and says there is no information in the Executive Department that MILLER intends to resign. The TIMES never intimated that he did intend to resign. But is there no "information in the Executive Department" that MILLER's resignation has been advised or suggested by the Governor, and declined?

THE HUSTON SCANDAL.

Further Examination in the Baltimore Clerical Scandal—Change of Sentiment.

WARRENTON, Va., March 9.—In the Methodist Conference, today, the Committee of Inquiry, appointed by the body to inquire into the rumors in regard to the ministerial character of Rev. L. D. HUSTON, reported that, in their judgment, without intending to give expression of opinion of the merits of the case in any measure to inculpate the accused, they recommend that an investigation be made under the direction of the Presiding Elder of the East Baltimore District. The report was adopted. An authenticated report has been received here which sets forth that the girl who charges the charge against Dr. HUSTON now denies many of the allegations under her oath, and asserts that she was instigated by certain parties to inculpate him to screen others. The colored woman, Dr. HUSTON's former servant, being put on her oath, exonerates Dr. HUSTON of bonded unbecoming conduct with her. A decided reaction has taken place in behalf of Dr. HUSTON, some believing the whole thing to be a conspiracy. Dr. HUSTON left on the evening train for Washington. He is in good spirits, and has no doubt of his honorable acquittal.

THE WEATHER.

Events and Probabilities.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 9.—The area of the lowest barometer has continued to move north-eastwardly from Northern Illinois, and now extends from Eastern Lake Erie to Northern Lake Michigan. The clear weather, with north-westerly winds over New-England, on Friday, has been succeeded by cloudy and threatening weather, with easterly wind today. North-easterly winds, with light rain, are now prevailing over the middle Atlantic States, and gradually to the lower Lakes, south-easterly to south-westerly winds, with light rain. Northerly to westerly winds, with snow, are reported from the upper lake region. Southerly winds with cloudy weather and light rain continue over the south Atlantic States. The southerly winds with rain over the Gulf States are now succeeded by a rising barometer and falling temperature. North-westerly winds and clearing weather over Eastern Texas and Western Louisiana. The pressure has again commenced diminishing over the North-west, with rising temperature. The rivers have risen at Leavenworth and Nashville, and fallen at Shreveport.

PROBABILITIES.

The barometer will continue falling from Lake Ontario to Florida and eastward to the Atlantic during the night, with continued cloud and rain and increasing winds. The lowest barometer will continue moving slowly north-eastward in Canada. Rising barometer, with falling temperature, northwesterly winds and clearing weather will extend from Louisiana eastward over the Gulf States during to-night, and over South Carolina by Sunday evening. The pressure will continue diminishing over the north-west to-night, and continued cloudy weather, with rain and snow, is probable from the lower Missouri Valley north-eastward over the upper lakes for Sunday. Dangerous winds are not anticipated for the Atlantic and Gulf coasts to-night.

SUPPLEMENTARY REPORT.

Snow has been reported from Baltimore, Md., previous to the rain which is now falling, also, from Little May, Corinne, Utah, Chicago, Davenport, Dubuque, Dubuque, Fort Dodge, Grand Haven, Keokuk, Marquette, Milwaukee, New-York, Oswego, Omaha, and Philadelphia; and previous to the rain now falling, and at Rochester, St. Paul, Toronto, and Virginia City, Montana. It has been sleeting at Detroit, Pittsburg and Erie. Rain has fallen in Central Florida at Augusta, Ga., Jacksonville, Lake City, Leesburg, Mobile, New-Orleans, Norfolk, Portland, Oregon, San Francisco, Toledo, Toronto, Canada—succeeding the snow-storm of this morning—and has fallen in this city during the day. A heavy southerly gale, with threatening weather, was reported from Mount Washington, New-Hampshire.

NEW-YORK CITY.

Sleet and snow fell yesterday from 7 A. M. till noon; misty rain fell from 6 P. M. till late at night. The thermometer marked, at 6 A. M., 30°; 12 M., 38°; 3 P. M., 39°; 9 P. M., 34°. Barometer, 30.13, 30.12, 30.08, 30.05. Corresponding date last year: Thermometer, 47°, 50°, 50°, 50°.

Preparations for the Coming Sporting Season.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 9.—The managers of the Buffalo Driving Park Association have decided to offer purses for the next August meeting amounting to $60,000, an increase of $10,000 over last year. The premium programme is as follows: Three minute horses, $1,500; 2:30, $3,000; 2:40, $4,000; 2:34, $5,000; 2:30, $10,000; 2:27, $10,000; 2:24, $10,000; 2:21, $5,000; for all horses, $10,000; four-year olds, $1,000; five-year olds, $1,500.

Mining Stocks.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 8.—Stocks active and irregular, those of Eastern Nevada being mostly largely dealt in. The following are the quotations: Choller, $35 50; Eureka Consolidated, $28; Yellow Jacket, $70 50; Ely, $123 50, dividend off; Gould & Curry, $121; Savage, $212; Sierra Nevada, $68 25; Hale & Norcross, $80; Mexican, $50; Mono Valley, $20; Ophir, $26; Crown Point, $105; Belcher, $5 75; Alpha, $20.

The Alaska Seal Monopoly.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 8.—Resolutions have been introduced in the California Legislature asking Congress to repeal the act giving the monopoly of the fur business in Alaska to one firm. A Company has been formed at Victoria for the killing of fur-seals in Alaska, outside of the Territory contended for by the Alaska Fur Company. The raw skins are worth in London, $15, but under the present combination only sell for forty cents in Alaska.

The Fourth-Avenue Shooting Affray.

The Assailant Surrenders Himself.

JOHN NEWMAN, the railroad conductor, who shot MICHAEL CARROL, alias Barry, the coachman, in the abdomen, during a trance resulting from a game of cards, in the private house, No. 105 Fourth-avenue, on Thursday night, as already reported in the TIMES, and who surrendered himself to the Jersey City Police, was brought before Coroner HERRMAN, at the Coroner's office, yesterday. He claims to have been attacked by some persons simultaneously, and used the pistol in self-defense. He was committed to the Tombs to await the action of the Grand Jury.

[illegible]

The Tenderloin District was out last night. There was a very large representation of women. The weather opened up a good day for the service, being cloudy in the morning, but clear in the afternoon. After dispersing the crowd from the vicinity of the church, the police had a quiet time of it. The Tenderloin District, however, is now so well known to the public that it will be a difficult matter to induce a large crowd to visit it. The Tenderloin District is the Centre of Fashion, Wealth and Dissipation, and the Fashionable Church is the Temple of Fashion, Wealth and Dissipation

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE FOOLISH HAREBELL.

A harebell hung its willful head:
"I am tired, so tired! I wish I was dead."

She hung her head in the mossy dell;
"If all were over, then all were well."

The wind he heard, and was pitiful;
He waved her about to make her cool.

"Wind, you are rough," said the dainty bell;
"Leave me alone—I am not well."

And the wind at the voice of the dainty dame
Sank in his heart, and ceased for shame.

"I am hot, so hot!" she half sighed;
"I am withering up; I can't stir (sic) from my place."

Then the sun, he pitied her pitiful case,
And drew a thick veil over his face.

"Cloud, go away, and don't be rude;
I am not—I don't see why you should."

The cloud withdrew; and the harebell cried,
"I am faint, so faint! and no water beside!"

And the dew came down its millionfold path;
But she murmured, "I did not want a bath."

A boy came by in the morning gray:
He plucked the harebell, and threw it away.

The harebell shivered, and cried, "Oh! oh!
I am faint, so faint! Come, east wind, blow."

The wind blew softly, and did not speak.
She thanked him kindly, but grew more weak.

"Sun, dear sun, I am cold," she said.
He rose; but lower she dropped her head.

"O rain, I am withering; all the blue
Is fading out of me;—come, pleasa do."

The rain came down as fast as it could,
But for all its will it did her no good.

She shuddered and shrivelled, and moaning said:
"Thank you all kindly;" and then she was dead.

Let us hope, let us hope, when she comes next year,
She'll be simple and sweet. But I fear, I fear.

—*George Mac Donald.*

THE STORY OF HENRIETTA RHENSE.

Just outside the small town of Stauffenheim stands the Schloss Weissbach, a rather pretentious-looking place, with grounds laid out in the French fashion, and inclosed, on the side next the town, by a high wall. There are few people who enter Stauffenheim for the first time whose curiosity is not aroused by the appearance of an octagonal odd-looking building which stands within the grounds, and is only separated from the rest of the town by this wall. It is too big to be a mausoleum. It cannot be a house for the domestics of the Schloss, for apparently it has no windows. Besides, while the Schloss itself is kept in perfect order, and inhabited by a French family who bought it some few years ago, this peculiar-looking building has seemingly been allowed to fall into decay. Was there a murder committed in that solitary circular windowless house, which stands all by itself at the extremity of the grounds, holding no communication with the Schloss above?

Doubtless there were murders of every grade of atrocity committed in this building; but they were histrionic murders. At one time these octagonal walls inclosed all the manifold life of a theatre; and if you ask the people of Stauffenheim how it befell that a theatre—far too big to belong to a private house—came to be placed in the grounds of the Schloss Weissbach, they will tell you the story of Henrietta Rhense.

At one time this octagonal building was the Stadt Theatre of Stauffenheim. There was no big wall round it then, for the grounds of the Schloss came down to a small piece of waste land, which was used for various purposes by the manager of the theatre. There was, it is true, a small private gate leading out of the grounds, by which the Count Otto von Engelhardt, who owned the Schloss, and his friends could, if they were in a hurry, slip over to the theatre without going round by the streets. But there were duties required of the owner of the Schloss; and, although this short cut would have saved the Count much trouble, it was expected of him that, when he deigned to visit the theatre, he should drive round and up to the door in his heavy French carriage, with all its appurtenances and servants.

The Count Otto was a young man, whose parents had died when he was a boy. He had therefore had the management of his life pretty much in his own hands, and he spent it in a manner that seemed sufficiently strange in the eyes of the simple townsfolk of Stauffenheim. For, instead of figuring at the Grand Duke's court, where his birth, position, wealth, and personal endowments would have made him conspicuous, he chose to live the life of a student and a recluse in this small and remote town. His visitors, too, were not of his own class—they were poets and writers, and such people, who were of like habits with himself, and scarcely fit company for a Count. He professed, for example, to think more of a young man called Schiller, who had just written a play called the "Robbers" than of the great Wollgemuth, who had written a *History of the Church* that was recommended by all the priests, and who was a great friend of the Grand Duke's. Indeed, Count Otto was not nearly so popular as his father had been—the old Count, whose youthful dare-devil deeds in love and wine were still talked over and joked about. The Count Otto was haughty and reserved. Good-looking as he was himself—for he had a stately bearing, and a handsome face, with plenty of brown curls, and a light-blue eye—the prettiest girl in Stauffenheim might pass before him without receiving a second glance from him. When he sat in his box in the theatre (and he spent little else in Stauffenheim) he withdrew his eyes from the stage whenever he did, they wandered in careless indifference over the faces around him. He was now getting on toward thirty, and the people of Stauffenheim said he would never marry—he was too much given over to his books and his studies, and his correspondence with poor authors in various parts of the country.

This was the state of affairs when the manager of the little Stadt Theatre announced the forthcoming production of a piece of *Werk* which had achieved a great popularity in Vienna. That sort of entertainment was not very common then, nor had it acquired the marvelous resources that are now drawn upon for pantomimes, extravaganzas and burlesques; while, with the new awakening of German literature, the people were crying for a national theatre and native plays, and were disposed to look with distrust on anything of Danish origin. However, the *Werk* had been a great success in Vienna, and the manager at Stauffenheim had not only imported the piece, but had also engaged the services of the principal actress in it, Fräulein Rhense. Great preparations were made for the production of the piece, and the townsfolk looked forward to something particularly fine.

It was not to be expected that Count Engelhardt should come to see a piece of this character, consisting chiefly of spectacle, scenery, masks, music, and magical transformations. Indeed, the manager had sent a messenger to the Count, to ask if the box which belonged by right to the Schloss might be offered by the management of the theatre. The manager was surprised to hear, in reply, that the Count and a small party would honor the theatre with their presence on the first night of the new piece.

There was a little comedy played in the *Werk*, during its progress, the Count and the two other gentlemen appeared. Count Otto seemed to be in rather a worse mood than usual, and paid much more attention to the remarks of his companions than to the performances of the stage.

The plot of the *Werk* was a work of allegory, apparently designed to introduce as many different scenes as possible. It represented the adventures of a young Prince, who, somehow or other, has forsaken his first love, and wanders about in search of some one who will retain traces of the beautiful illusions of that mysterious and long-forgotten period. Many lovely spirits wait to her, and many wonderful things she sees, but she cannot catch a glimpse of the wonderful Rose-world that she vaguely remembers. Now, it is with a sigh of this Rose-world that the *Werk* opened; and the simple people of Stauffenheim, unaccustomed to *spectacle*, hailed with delight and surprise the gorgeous masses of scenery, (much of which had come from Vienna,) lit up by the strongest lights the manager could procure. The Rose-world of first love was hung with festoons of faint-hued roses, that faded back into an indefinite mist of flowers; and all around were secret and silent avenues, through which, as through the distance the white windmills of a river that lay in the midst of a beautiful plain. And while they sat and gazed on this wonderful scene, that was so silent and so lovely, there suddenly appeared the Princess. The effect of her entrance was magical; for into the vague Rose-world, so pale in its hues, stepped a beautiful young creature with jet-black hair, with a calm, pale face, that had wonderful dark eyes in it, and a look of abstracted, wistful melancholy. This was the Fräulein Rhense, about whom they had heard so much; and yet the people were taken too much by surprise to applaud. As for her, she seemed unaware of their existence. She had already assumed the dream-like air of the Princess, and was wandering about in the Rose-world, filled with a strange and yet unsatisfied happiness. As she went out and in among the pale pink flowers, they had new time to see how strikingly handsome she was, how perfect was her figure, and what splendid masses of black hair hung down upon her shoulders. Her Princess' dress, too, was sufficient to wake the admiration of the spectators, who were convinced that the Grossherzogin herself had nothing so splendid.

Count Otto spoke no more to his companions. He sat and gazed upon the pantomimic world before him and upon the beautiful creature who wandered through it, litterally spell-bound. She was in the Rose-world, looking for her first love—he had met his there.

But then she was merely an actress, and Count Otto, although a recluse, knew the value of his rank. So he sent for the manager, who forthwith appeared at the door of the box.

"Is the Fräulein Rhense married?" he asked.

"No, Herr Graf," replied the manager.

"Who accompanied her from Vienna?"

"Her father."

"Is he in the theatre?"

"Yes."

"Then present my compliments to the Fräulein, and say that my friends and myself will be glad if she and her father will favor us with their company at supper in the Schloss, as soon as the performance is over." The young lady need not change her dress."

The Count delivered the invitation pretty much as it it were a command, and such he probably considered it. For an actress in a small provincial theatre to be asked as a guest to Schloss Weissbach was an honor which it never entered his head could be refused; and yet refused it was. Some half hour thereafter, the manager returned, and begged to see the Count alone. Count Otto stepped out into the passage, and the manager said, with great embarrassment:

"You will pardon me, Herr Graf, but—but Fräulein Rhense—"

"Well, you delivered the message?"

"Yes; but—"

"But what? She is not too fatigued by her journey, is she?"

"The fact is, Herr Graf, her answer was precisely in these words: 'Pray present my compliments to Count Engelhardt, and say that my father and myself never accept invitations from strangers.'"

"*Der Teufel!*" exclaimed the Count in genuine surprise.

And then, with a slight gesture of haughty indifference, he returned to the box.

But in spite of this repulse, the spell was still upon him; and he followed the fortunes of the Princess through all the various scenes with a persistent, wistful attention that called down upon him the satirical comment of his friends. He seemed to pay no heed to them. He was transported body and soul into the wonderful regions of the *Werk*, and was scarcely aware of the existence of those beside him. The short and the long of it was, that the young men had been asked capriciously by Henrietta Rhense's eyes, and that he had abandoned himself wholly to the passing infatuation of the hour.

Yet he was no longer quite a young man, as we use the phrase to denote inexperience of the world. If his own acquaintance with men and women was limited, he had reaped the results of other people's knowledge; and doubtless his theories about the only possible relations which could exist between an actress in an extravaganza and the owner of Schloss Weissbach were pretty much similar to those held by most men of rank at the time. Her refusal to accept his invitation had surprised him, but he forgot his wounded pride in looking at her and listening to her voice, and by the time the performance was over, and he and his friends in the box were ready to go, he was as much in love as a man well could be.

The Count's preoccupation had not escaped the notice of his companions, and there were sundry hints thrown out about it as they sat down to supper. He frankly told them of the invitation he had sent to the young actress, and of her refusal.

"It is a ruse merely," exclaimed the youngest of the trio, a youthful lieutenant from Dresden. "She refused in order to pique your curiosity—that is all. If I cared to do it, I could undertake to make her acquaintance by two o'clock to-morrow, and to bring her here in the evening to sup with us."

Why was it that Count Otto's face was suddenly overspread with a frown? The young man had only offered to do what he himself had attempted to do. But he said brusquely:

"You rave. She will not come."

"Shall I try?" said the lieutenant carelessly, stroking his pale-yellow mustache.

"Certainly."

"But I must have the means. I must have a little present to send her in the morning. One cannot get jewelry in Stauffenheim."

"I have a bracelet I had intended sending to an aunt of mine in Styria. You may have that," said Count Otto.

He was evidently bent on making his friend fulfil his promise. If he succeeded, he would then be placed in definite relations with Fräulein Rhense, whose true value, if he failed, he would be proud of her victory, for it was not to be concealed that this impression had gradually altered since her refusal had been announced to him.

Lieut. Arno framed a careful little epistle in the morning, and sent it with the bracelet to the Fräulein Henrietta. No one knew what he had said to her, or what request he had made; but after the messenger had been despatched, he lit a cigar, and observed to his friends, that before he had finished smoking the young lady's answer would arrive.

So it did. He took the cigar from his mouth as the messenger returned, and prepared to open Fräulein Rhense's note; but great was his surprise to observe that along with the note came the same little box he had sent to her. His companions saw it also, and Count Otto, with a prodigious laugh, exclaimed:

"Da liebe Himmel! She has sent back my bracelet, du armer Lieber! Ja wohl!"

The Count, versed in novice shamefaced by the ill-success of the lieutenant. On the contrary, he could scarce conceal his delight; and when the lieutenant and his friend departed for Leipsic next day, the Count, in bidding him farewell, bade him remember the rebuff which had been ministered to him by Henrietta Rhense.

Left to himself, Count Otto withdrew for a day or two to the solitude of his own chambers in the Schloss Weissbach, endeavoring to check his passion at the outset, and had resolved not to have further the temptation of going to the theatre. However, that may be, on the third evening he again appeared in his box, and sat there alone and entranced. Night after night he went, until it was clear that he had wholly abandoned himself to the delight of gazing at the beautiful young actress, whenever that might lead him. He sought for no society; he imparted his rapture to no one; he even made no further efforts to become acquainted personally with Henrietta Rhense. On every morning a bouquet, brought by a man who was not in the Count's livery, was left for her at the theatre, and every evening the young man sat in the shadow of his box, and looked down into the wonderful Rose-world in which the Princess wandered.

At length the Count made the acquaintance of Fräulein Rhense, and that in the most commonplace way. He did not venture from the burning theatre, or even have been run over in the streets, or, in fact, do anything heroic and romantic; but one evening he was leaving his box, and, meeting a friend in the passage, and as he passed, the old desire to observe that along with the face came the same little box he had sent to her. His companions saw it also, and Count Otto, with a prodigious laugh, exclaimed:

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At length the Count made the acquaintance of Fräulein Rhense, and that in the most commonplace way. He did not venture from the burning theatre, or even have been run over in the streets, or, in fact, do anything heroic and romantic; but one evening he was leaving his box, and, meeting a friend in the passage, and as he passed, the old desire

was talking of the wonderful musical powers of a boy whom they had heard play in Vienna. The boy was the son of Madame [illegible], who was almost any thing she chose to sing, and at once [illegible] what he [illegible] old man [illegible] Count Otto had achieved a tolerable reputation as an amateur composer—and insensibly they glided into a long and earnest conversation about the various members of the day, their qualities, their followers, and their prospects. At the end of their talk the Count abruptly asked his newly-found friend [illegible] next morning at the Schloss, that he might show him some MSS., which had been sent him by a great composer of the time.

"I have the honor, then, of addressing the Count Engelhardt?" said the old man, rather taken aback.

The Count now remembered that he had not even know the name of the person whom he had asked to visit him, and at this juncture the manager stepped in with a formal introduction, and the Count discovered that he had been talking to Herr Ludwig Rhense, the father of Henrietta.

Old Rhense kept his appointment next day at the Schloss, and from that moment a warm friendship sprang up between the two men, who had been placed on terms of equality by their love of a great art. It need hardly be said that Henrietta Rhense could not long remain a stranger to the Count, and so, after all, the young actress, in the company of her father, did actually make her appearance at the Schloss, and was conducted over the place by the Count.

Nothing could exceed the courtesy of his manner toward her. Indeed, it is probable that he strove by every outward mark of deference and respect to obliterate from her mind the remembrance of the message he had sent her. And the more the Count saw of the young actress' nature, the more he learned to admire her. He found in her all the graces of character which he had imagined she might possess. The more he saw of her, the more he knew she was worthy of his love, until one morning, when he found her alone in her father's room, he asked her to become his wife.

Her face was pale and her eyes were sad, as she looked at him and met his anxious gaze.

"I am very grateful," she said in a low voice. "And yet I ought not to have let you say this to me, for I know that you would say it. I ought to have gone away; and yet to remain was very pleasant."

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Nothing would shake her resolution; and, her engagement with the manager of the Stauffenheim Theatre being over, she left the place, bidding Count Otto good-bye. Her father knew of her resolution, and approved it.

She was scarcely out of the town when Count Otto went down to the manager of the theatre.

"What have you done with the scenery and appointments of the *Werk*?" he asked.

"Nothing as yet, Herr Graf, for the theatre remains closed for a fortnight. But I must see about getting the scenery I had from Vienna sent back there."

"Herr Director," said the Count, "let the scenery remain, and I will buy from you, at your own price, the theatre and everything it contains. The ground it stands on, as you know, is mine, and I want to have a theatre attached to the Schloss. I will pay you for the building and what is inside it, and I will present you with a new site for a theatre down close by the river, and not far from the Stadthaus. Is it a bargain?"

The manager was too overwhelmed to reply just at once. It struck him first that the Count must be mad, and that he was not be joking. However, in the end he saw there was no joke in the matter, and he set about making his calculations.

When the towns-people heard that Count Engelhardt had bought the Stadt Theatre, they, too, thought he was mad; for it was clear that he did not mean to have any performances in it. He allowed all the actors and actresses to make fresh engagements with the manager for the new theatre that was to be built, and he gave compensations to each and all for loss of time.

"To think," they said, "that the young Count should have lived quietly and become rich only to throw away his money like this! The old Count his father knew how to spend money and get value for it. He had rare sparkling wines from France and Hungary; he had plenty of friends to see him; he gave suppers in Paris at the Grand Duke's court; he drank, and gambled, and went to the devil merrily. But this young Count, albeit a handsome man and a most pleasant-spoken gentleman, must needs sit at home with his books, and save up money, and then all at once throw it away on a project, the like of which was never heard of."

Count Otto speedily set about taking possession of his new property. He ran a wall round the theatre, cutting it off from the town and inclosing it in his own ground. The bit of meadow was also inclosed and planted with shrubs. He did not wait to see these works finished; for so soon as they were begun he set out from the place, and Stauffenheim saw him no more for nearly a year.

Meanwhile it became known that the Rose-world of the *Werk* still remained in the theatre, exactly as it had been during the performance of the piece. The Count had engaged the services of one or two of the assistants of the theatre, and their duty it was to see that this scenery was kept clean and bright. During his absence it was kept carefully covered over while the interior of the theatre was being newly decorated.

As for himself, he followed Henrietta Rhense from place to place, as the various exigencies of her profession compelled her to travel. Yet neither she nor her father knew that he did see a slight disguise and a little precaution kept him easily concealed from them. He thus constituted himself an invisible guard over her safety, while enjoying the pleasure of looking at her whom he had chosen as his wife. He had prevailed on her to write to him; and her few letters were forwarded to him, while his replies were sent back to Stauffenheim, to be again posted from there. Her letters were frank and simple in the extreme; but they made no allusion whatever to the understood compact that had been made between them. Although he would fain have learned that she too looked forward to the happy close of his period of probation, he could not but admire the delicacy which prompted this reserve. For her silence intimated to him that he was free from any promise—that she could not accept his offer, even in the light of a possibility, until this trial had been made. So he followed her about, and secretly listened to her sweet voice, and secretly saw from a distance the sweet face that he hoped might lighten up in the future the solitary rooms of the Schloss Weissbach.

He knew very well that he was breaking his part of the compact in thus seeing her. It was understood that her absence was to be a test of his constancy and of the reality of his affection, whereas she was never really absent from him for twenty-four hours together. However, he reconciled his conscience to the deception by saying to himself that, as he kept the secret and stability of his affection, it was only necessary to parade it, and that his presence at a moment could not interfere with the final result.

At last the *Wanderjahr* was over; and Henrietta Rhense and her father were in Prague. Nothing had been said as to how she and her lover were to meet; and, doubtless she expected a letter from him, containing some intelligence of his coming. But instead of a letter, he presented himself on this week. He knew well that every forenoon she and her father were accustomed to cross the Moldau, and go for a walk past the Hradschin toward the park of the Belvedere-gardens. He knew perfectly the road they took; he knew the clump of trees under which they sat down in front of the Restauration, while the waiter brought them some coffee, and old Herr Rhense took out his meerschaum. They were sitting there on this morning, when the young Count went up to them. Henrietta raised her eyes, and there was a strange glance of joy half over the pale features, as she looked and held out her hand.

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[illegible] Rhense, and forming a [illegible] mutual [illegible] but that [illegible] as the parties [illegible] dissolved forever [illegible] as at present [illegible] and back belonging [illegible] another hire.

It is impossible for a man of business not to sympathize with an eminent physician, who informed his future wife that he had no time for courtship; but that if she would marry him, and be ready on a certain day, he should be happy to meet her at the church and make her his bride. [illegible]

Florentine Festivities.—Tales of all description follow each other in rapid succession, and with a brilliancy such as never has been seen or heard of in Florence since the days of the Medici. Besides the usual thirteen theatres always crammed, there are fantastic fairs, pageants, and masquerades, and balls everywhere. The common people dance in the large court of the Uffizi, converted into a hall, and give the amazed foreigners the strange spectacle of a whole population of men dancing together polkas and waltzes without a single woman, for these, like the Sultans of the East, disdain to bestir themselves, and prefer having the dancing done for them by slaves. (In this case the rougher sex.) The *Bourgeois* dance in the Casino de Risorti or the Casino di Firenze, the latter established in that extended Palazzo Borghese which is so curious as an attempt—a vain one—at conciliating Florentine rustics with French classics, but the interior of which offers in its never-ending suite of rooms the most complete, harmonious, and finished specimen of the *Style Empire* in decoration and furniture. Foreigners and wealthy burghers dance at splendid charity balls given either in the large hall and adjoining picture-gallery of PRINCIPE CORSINI'S palace—kindly lent for this purpose by Don TOMMASO CORSINI, the son of Massimo LAZZARONI, so well known in England—or in the old-fashioned rooms of the Palazzo Vecchio, finally delivered from the presence of Ministries, Chambers, and bureaux, and restored to the city and its still republican government. And Sala de Cinquecento, Sala de Dugento, Quartiere di Leone X., all adorned by VASARI'S hand, are filled with curious travelers and no less curious Florentines longing to see again their dear old halls so long withheld from their real owners. It is but natural that the aristocracy, however, should understand the hint of the Sindaco (Lord Mayor) and the tacit not *Gradire* still better than any other class. Who does not know, if it were only from the outside, the old fortress-like palaces of the Florentine patriciate? What is all our northern wealth and luxury compared with the grandeur and sumptuous taste of these glorious dwellings? Many of them—and there are nearly 300—are now cut up, partly inhabited by scores of English and American millionaires, partly occupied by theatres, Protestant churches, or schools. I know one, and by no means one of the largest, most renowned, where the three things exist together, and six well-to-do families besides are comfortably lodged. Many others, however, are still in possession of the descendants of ancient families, their original owners. There is, for instance, Palazzo Serristori, where the young contessine and marchesine dance in the very same rooms, where, 240 years ago, the head-quarters of the traitor MALATESTA, who sold the Republic to its mighty enemy, were established. There is Palazzo Torrigiani, where the dancers move about amid authentic Raphaels, Leonardos, Titians and Lippis worthy of the Louvre or the National Gallery, as if it was a matter of course. Then there is Palazzo Corsini, that masterwork of SILVANI'S, and best specimen of later renaissance, so well known to foreigners by its façade which stretches along the Arno, and by its rich gallery, beside many more, which have nearly all been opened four or five times this Winter to receive the three or four hundred persons composing the Florentine "society."

Last night it was the turn of Principe Strozzi. Who has left Florence without taking with him the everlasting impression of that huge fortress built toward the close of the fifteenth century by MICHELOZZI and BRUNELLESCHI, with its enormous cyclopean stones and its ponderous marble slab benches placed by BENEDETTO DA MAJANO, its heavy—alas!—unfinished cornice, the work of CRONACA, its iron lanterns by CIRAMELLI—this choice specimen of Florentine quattro-cento, the pattern on which Palazzo Medici Riccardi and Palazzo Pitti were constructed? It was the cinquecento and colossal building full of glorious and mystery, which opened its gay and fairy-like interior last night to the masks and costumes of Florentine nobility. The times of FILIPPO STROZZI IL GIOVANE seemed to us to have returned when we saw the graceful and amiable Donna ANTONIETTA STROZZI-MAXOTICA-BUREL, Principessa di Corano, Duchessa di Scandicci—clad in the picturesque costume of LUISA STROZZI, the beautiful wife of ALESSANDRO DE' MEDICI, whose melancholy fate is well known throughout the world, wearing on her finger the ring Di Palle Strozzi, and at her side the Keys designed by BENVENUTO CELLINI—receiving her guests in these lofty apartments, which, indeed, ought never to be profaned by anything so outrageous as our hideous black tail-coats.

It was a capital idea this ball, serving as it did to illustrate the striking vitality of artistic tradition and instincts still existing in this Tuscan society, for the choice of costume was in most cases peculiarly happy. Historical characters, such as Agnolo and Luna Pandolfini, Catarina Comaro, Princess Salviati, Maria de' Medici, and Louisa de Lorraine, were among the most prominent, and even foreign tradition had been faithfully preserved in the personification of FRANCIS I., the Duke of GUISE, JANE GREY, &c. In many cases Florentines of the present generation had copied the costume of their illustrious ancestors from portraits hanging in their own galleries painted by VAN DYCK or VELLASQUEZ. Such an historical masquerade allowed a bold display of colors, and a richness and splendor utterly at variance with the notions of the day and the so-called "tasteful" costumes in which mild fawn, drab, or gray predominates, and which Paris had contributed for the occasion.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

ARITHMETIC FOR GIRLS.—The second operation of mankind following upon mutual communication of ideas in either of the three ways mentioned, is computation of interests, or the science of numbers. Therefore, arithmetic is one of the principal branches of instruction. As, until now, woman has been thought incapable of logical methods of procedure in daily life, the manipulation of numbers has always appeared unsuited to her, and arithmetic has been a subject taught her in a most superficial and dry way. But numbers have a meaning; and arithmetic can be made one of the most agreeable and vivifying branches of teaching, even for girls; or, as we should say, particularly for girls. Notwithstanding all the immense mathematical genius in the English nation, the science of measures, either abstract or concrete, has not yet been so formed for beginners that it should stamp upon young people's memory not only methods for various arithmetical operations, but also open their minds to those ideas of comparison of interests which underlie all arithmetical processes. The importance of the study of numbers is as great for woman as for man. As provider for the family and dispenser of the family's income, it is absolutely necessary that a methodical association of notions should exist in woman's brain, and that a logical sequence (how much can be done with a certain amount of monetary means) should result therefrom. Paper arithmetic has been greatly pursued for girls in a most desultory manner, without combination or reflection; application, and mental arithmetic, which develops thought and straightens retrospective faculties, has altogether been left in the shade. To this form we would direct attention, and we would mentionally impress upon those who are inclined to give their education a higher impulse, that the old method of drawing through the four rectilinear rules and compound rules, through some exercises of practice, through a most desultory way of rule of three—by putting one number in a most serious manner in one corner and the others in opposite directions, and finally by attempting a few fractions—is not arithmetic. A great science is that same arithmetic, opening out to the girl's mind relations of reality that may lead her admirably to comprehend those great operations of nature of which our mathematicians have a positive worship. Where, although the mind, proper instruction of arithmetic forces upon a girl's attention the value of minutiæ, the [illegible] of operations by small sums, for which certain representative articles are to be obtained, and the fundamental notions that everything in life has a comparative representative monetary price.—*The Dark Blue.*

ABOUT HAIR.—Red hair, some years ago, was not admired; yet now it is almost as much esteemed as yellow, as barbers—we beg pardon, "erinologists" as they term themselves nowadays—by means of certain "charms," can produce upon it a beautiful golden yellowish sheen, that "out-yellows yellow itself." Red hair was always an object of aversion among the ancients. Ages before the time of Judas Iscariot red hair was thought a mark of reprobation. Typhon and Nebuchadnezzar are instances of this, the former who acquired it because he deprived his brother of the sceptre of Egypt, and the latter who bore it in expiation of his atrocities. Even the donkey is thus affected from this ill-omened imitation, according to the proverb of "wicked as a red ass." Asses of that color were held in such detestation by the Copts that every year they sacrificed one by hurling it from a high wall. Black hair was not much esteemed by the Romans; but red was detested. Auburn or light brown was thought the most distinguished, as portending intelligence, industry, a peaceful disposition, as well as a great susceptibility to the tender passion. Castor and Pollux had brown hair; so also had Menelaus. The hair most in esteem was such as hung in long curling locks, like that of the unfortunate Absalom. Dares, the historian, states that Achilles and Ajax Telamon had curling locks; such also was the hair of Timon, the Athenian. The Emperor Augustus, we are told, had been favored by nature with such an abundance of long curling locks, that no barber in Rome could produce anything like a successful imitation of it even. If our fair sex make themselves conspicuous by wearing hair from pagan heads, such as Chinese pigtails, Indian scalps, and Tongataboo chieftains, "worked up" into Brobdingnagian chignons, the "lords of creation" score the idea in 1872, though in 1772 the mace-cornes, as the exquisites of the time were called, wore a similar adornment to the chignon, only turned upside down, as it were, and the top part was called a "toupee." In the play of the "Modern Husband," we read: "I meet with nothing but a parcel of *toupee* coxcombs who plaster up their brains upon their periwigs"—alluding to the nonsatum, with which they were covered. "Pig-tails" were in vogue at one time, although we laugh at the Celestials of the "flowery kingdom" for wearing them now. In 1772 nothing was thought of a man without that appurtenance; in 1780 the tail was unraveled and hung loose; then was tied and turned up in a knot behind; and toward the end of the century, wigs *et id hoc* went out of fashion.—*Belgravia.*

THE HOUSES OF TWO FAMOUS MEN.—At No. 47 Leicester-square, on the west side, from 1761 to his death, in 1792, lived Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. The great painter led a methodical life: he rose early, breakfasted at nine, entered his studio at ten, examined designs, or touched unfinished portraits till eleven, when the knocker began to resound, and titled people to rattle in; he painted till four, then dressed, and gave the evening to society. His beaming spectacles and his ear-trumpet were to be seen often at the club and theatre of those days, and the owner of them was always welcome. Dr. JOHNSON, GOLDSMITH, WALPOLE, BURKE, STEEVENS, GIBBON, almost every one celebrated in those days knocked at the door of No. 47.

REYNOLDS' pleasant dinner-parties seem to have partaken somewhat of the picnic character—never knives or glasses enough, bad waiting, but good talk. Every one scrambles for himself, and JOHNSON eats till his veins swell out on his forehead; GOLDSMITH suggests a reply to an axiom of JOHNSON'S, and is stared at by BOSWELL; BURKE talks with learned dignity, and BURKE is more eloquent even than usual. REYNOLDS had his vexations too here, when BERRY'S moroseness vexed him, and when grand people returned portraits as bad likenesses, or complained of the color fading. Here he chafed to think of young LAWRENCE setting up in opposition in the same square, or fretted at the preference some people had for ROMNEY. With well-bred sitters he was polite and amiable, but when a rich citizen told him once that the pattern of his lace ruffles was obscurely made out, Sir JOSHUA replied hastily: "That is my manner, Sir, that is my manner;" and when a vain lady displayed her taper hands, he said, calmly: "Madam

have been ordained by a vocation of God; instantly every Englishman, Scotchman and Irishman worthy of the name flashes to their assistance; they receive our aid without the smallest scruple or remorse, and thank us in terms which we, at all events, shall never forget, paying us ten times over in sheer good-will. The amount we are sending to Chicago and Michigan is very small; it is not half enough as present; but the two nations know one another now as well that the will is taken for the deed, and they thank us as terms which warm the heart of every true man making us. Why is this? Because we have got to understand one another by circulating in one another's countries, and by finding out that we both want the same things—peace, freedom and sound government.—*Henry Kingsley, in Tinsley's Magazine.*

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MENDELSSOHN.—Prof. ZELTER, with whom FELIX studied counterpoint, was his most eager auditor, and at the same time his most severe censor. More than once after the performance I myself have heard ZELTER call out in a loud voice to his pupil that several alterations were necessary, whereupon, without saying a word, FELIX would quietly fold up the score, and before the next Sunday he would go over it, and then play the composition with the desired corrections. In those rooms also, before the family removed to Leipziger Strasse, a three act comic opera was performed, all the characters being apportioned and the dialogue read out at the piano. The libretto for "The Uncle from Boston" was written by a young physician, Dr. CASPAR, who afterward became a famous man. Every one who came in contact with him had something to relate of his wit, and I remember even now HOLTEI telling me, when I was at Riga, of the sparkling witty farewell speech addressed by CASPAR to the Councillor NEUMANN on the removal of the latter as Postmaster-General from Berlin to Tilsit. He finished with "Depart, and the peace of Tilsit be with you!"

Although the musical compositions of this "American Uncle" pleased all the parties connected with it extremely, the subject of it was, nevertheless, very weak. DEVRIENT, and his *Agnes*, THERESE SCHLESINGER, JOHANNA ZIMMERMANN, the Drs. ANDRIESSEN and DITTMAR, all took part in this opera. I was also a chorus-singer in it, and from one circumstance this evening will never be forgotten by me. When the opera was finished, there were the regular slices of bread and butter, with the usual addition of anchovies, cold meat, cheese, &c. EDWARD RIETZ and myself were enjoying our portion, when FELIX, who had left the room for a time, came to thank all the singers personally, stopped before us to ask how we were faring in the way of refreshment. I showed him my share of the spoil.

"And which do you consider your *dur?*" (the leading, principal subject,) he asked; "and which is your *comes?*" (the secondary theme.)

"Well, of course, I consider my bread and butter my *dur*."

"Oh, no," said he, "a guest must always regard his bread and butter as only the *comes*."

Just as he had uttered this little sally, ZELTER's voice resounded through the room:

"FELIX, come here."

The old gentleman stood in the middle of the room with a brimming glass in his hand, and while every one was listening intently, he said: "FELIX, you have hitherto only been an apprentice; from today you are an assistant, and new work on till you become a master."

Therewith he gave him a tap on the cheek, as if he were dubbing him a knight, and then the whole party pressed forward to congratulate the delighted and astonished pupil, as well as FELIX, who pressed his old master's hand warmly more than once. This is one of those scenes that can never be effaced from one's memory.—*Temple Bar.*

A SEA-LION ROOKERY ON THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA.—It was near the end of May, 1859, when we arrived; and, soon after, the rookeries of clapmatches, which were scattered around the island, began to augment, and large numbers of the huge males made their appearance, belching forth their sharp, ugly howls, and leaping out of, or darting through, the water with surprising velocity, and frequently diving outside the rollers, the next moment emerging from the Stearns breakers, and waddling on the beaches, with seeming effort, climbing some kelp fringed rock to doze in the scorching sunbeams, while others would lie sleeping or playing among the beds of seaweed, with their heads and outstretched limbs above the surface. But a few days elapsed before a general contention began for the mastery of the different rookeries, and the victims of the bloody encounters were to be seen on all sides of the island, with torn lips, or mutilated limbs and gashed sides; while, now and then, an unfortunate creature would be met with, mauna an eye, or with the orb turned out of its socket, together with other wounds presenting a ghastly appearance. As the time of "hauling up" drew near, the island became one mass of animation; every beach, rock, and cliff, where a seal could find a foothold, became its resting-place; while a countless herd of old males capped the summit, and the united clamorings of the vast assemblage could be heard, in a calm day, for miles at sea. The south side of the island is high and precipitous, with a projecting ledge hardly perceptible from the beach below, upon which one immense lion managed to climb, and there remained for several successive days, till the moment was over. How he ascended, or in what manner he retired to the water, was a mystery to our numerous ship's crew, as he came and went in the night; for "Old Gray"—as named by the sailors—was closely watched in his elevated position during the time the men were engaged at their work on shore.—*The Overland Monthly.*

THE EARLY LIFE OF STERNDALE BENNETT.—The early career of this eminent musical composer, like that of many others of his countrymen in science, art, and commerce, was of a chequered character. Born in 1816, at Sheffield in Yorkshire, he had the misfortune to lose not only his father—ROBERT BENNETT, a musician of more than average ability, and the organist of the parish church of that town—but his mother also, at so early an age that he has scarcely any recollection of them. Not very long after this severe loss—indeed, while he was only three years old—he was taken charge of by his grandfather, JOHN BENNETT, who held the appointment of vicar choral, or lay clerk, in King's College, Cambridge. Having discerned the dawning of musical genius in his interesting protégé, and with a view to make the acquirement of its theory and practice a means for the future livelihood of the somewhat precocious boy, JOHN BENNETT entered him as a chorister of his own college when he had reached his eighth year, the age at which boys are usually admitted into cathedral and collegiate choirs—those nurseries of musical, as they ought also to be, agreeably to the statutes of founders and benefactors, but which they now are not, of classical education. Here WM. STERNDALE BENNETT'S progress was so rapid, and his talent so obvious, that he attracted the attention of Rev. W. F. HAMILTON, a member of Peter House, and speedily secured his patronage. This gentleman, being persuaded that the gifted chorister of King's could have no chance of rising to future eminence if he remained merely as a singing-boy in the choir of that College, neglected as to his musical as far than as to his ordinary education, made interest with the authorities of the Royal Academy of Music, then but recently established in Hanover-square, London, who admitted him into that institution at the earliest moment the rules permitted—ten years of age—and forthwith took charge of his education. In entering this musical seminary it is customary for a pupil to make choice of the instrument which he purposes to adopt as his specialty in after-life. This choice, however, not precluding the possibility of change at some future time, WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT, after a short time, gave up the violin as his instrument, and finally abandoned it for the pianoforte. The proficiency of his first selection was, however, of considerable service to him in the pursuit of his studies, since it not only gave him a superior insight into the modes of writing for stringed instruments, but enabled him, by the correct judgment of the ear, to decide at once as to the key-note of any chord, and even of any single note, which might be struck. This peculiarity is found possessed by violin players in a much more decided degree than by those of any other instrument; and it needs no elaborate proof to indicate how highly important and advantageous the acquirements of such a faculty must be to any musician who makes its cultivation his study and pursuit.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

FOREIGN MAIL NEWS.

FRANCE.

Transfer of the Government—Plans of the Military—Disquieting Signs—The Monarchical Parties—A Monarchical Effort—Arrests.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, Friday, Feb. 16, 1872.

Rumors of important changes in the Government are again in circulation, in a private way, and while I am not able to guarantee the exactitude of any of them, I am perfectly able to declare that very serious difficulties do exist, and that every plausible effort is being made to settle them before they come to the ear of the general public. Eighteen months ago, if the people had heard what was told me yesterday, they would have made a demonstration against the Government, or some kind of a manifestation to express disapprobation of something they knew nothing about. The sole idea in such manifestations is, "the Government is in trouble therefore, it is a good time to overthrow it," and not one in a thousand would pause to think why it was desirable to overthrow it, or what would be put in its place. A spirit of pure destructiveness seems to be the sole animating sentiment in such moments of crisis, and it is against this spirit that the Government is trying to take precautions at this moment. A force of five and twenty thousand men were marched to the environs under the pretext of holding a review—which was never held—and the city regiments were changed from caserne to caserne in order to show bodies of troops in the streets, and to let the people hear once more the sounds of the trumpet and the drum. Patrols of cavalry were frequently seen in the faubourgs, and two or three batteries of artillery were sent out of their way to march along the boulevards from the Madeleine to the Place Bastile. Yet at this time there is not even a suspicion of a conspiracy to put upon the Imperialists, and beyond this discovery of a large quantity of powder and the secret shooting of a score or so of soldiers, there was no evidence that the insurgent element is at work. The truth is that the Government woke to the consciousness that it was sleeping upon a volcano. The *ouvriers*, ground down to the lowest depths of poverty by the high prices of the necessaries of life, are once more listening to the siren voice of evil, and are ranging themselves under the banner of the International. In the country districts the Prefects have found sections of the organisation in full working order, with a Secretary appointed in London, who has the power of administering the oaths of the Society and of granting cards of membership. Some worthless men ran away from Toulouse, and at Limoges were seen by a *mouchard* to display their cards, and they were at once taken in hand by the section, liberally fed and housed during their stay, and given funds for the continuance of their journey. They were watched at another place, where the same sort of Freemasonry was continued. One can readily see what a temptation this is to the men who do not care to work, and who like nothing better than to travel at the expense of honest workmen, and to the insurrectional propaganda. It was the tracing of these men to the section of Paris which led to the discovery of a retreat where a quantity of powder was hidden, and to the capture of invoices, which showed that a still larger quantity was about to cross the Belgian frontier. More than six months ago the Minister of the Interior confessed that 150,000 Chassepots were still missing, and were supposed to be concealed in Paris.

DISQUIETING SIGNS.

The strength of the Government and the judicious display of troops is sufficient to keep this class in check so long as there is no difficulty, but when a cloud began to arise at Versailles, it was thought necessary to take measures of justification before the troubles of the Government were known. A dozen difficulties seem to have culminated all at once. The election of M. ROUHER, and by such a majority, gave rise to a feeling of despair. Even at Lyons, where the soldiers were supposed to be perfectly under control, morally as well as physically, M. ROUHER received 141 votes to 5 given to his two opponents. At Courbevoie, Antonli and at the forts, M. POZZO DI BORGO and M. SAVELLI received one vote each only, and all the rest were given to M. ROUHER. The effect of this upon the public mind has been very great, and no better evidence is needed than that offered by M. CONTI's funeral, which I left a few moments ago. I saw men there who have been very bitter against the Empire, who have often enough called the Ex-Emperor *Badinguet*, joining in the procession or standing on the steps of the church, when they knew full well that the act could have but one interpretation. There is a belief that M. ROUHER will take the lead of a party upon the Free-trade Platform, and that he will defeat M. THIERS, if not in the first encounter, at least before many days. And what then? Every one believes that M. THIERS will once more throw the power out of the window, careless where it may fall, and that the Government will then fall into military hands. Indeed, it has been stated recently that MCMAHON has already accepted the Vice-Presidence, and that he is ready to take charge of the power the moment M. THIERS retires, with the understanding that there is to be an immediate appeal to the people. Supposing that MCMAHON has no personal ambition to rule, one can see the end of such a step, and easily comprehend why a number of gentlemen are now trying to "hedge."

THE MONARCHICAL PARTIES.

The Monarchical parties are greatly alarmed and, I believe, simply because of MACMAHON's acceptance of their proposition. As he had declined before, it was expected that he would decline again, and M. GREVY having declared that he would accept only on condition that the Republic was declared permanent, the Duc D'AUMALE was to have been proposed. It was seen that a crisis was imminent. It might be avoided, but there was a general feeling that it was approaching, and today men "feel it in their bones," or have a kind of presentiment of it like that which precedes a great and distant battle. Both Orleanists and Legitimists were convinced that all would be speedily lost unless they came to some kind of union. Owing to the stiff back of HENRY V. there was no hope of a union, and an agreement between the Comte DE PARIS and his cousin, the Duc DE BORDEAUX, but the manager of the case made many Legitimists "free" upon D'AUMALE for the Vice-Presidence after MAC MAHON should have declined. Hence an address to HENRY V. was drawn up, regretting his decision with respect to the flag, and telling him that while Legitimists and in favor of the legitimate monarchy, they could not think of aiding him in setting up a Bourbon throne, nor could they lend their names even to the heir of HENRY IV. unless he would agree to a constitutional monarchy and to a parliamentary Government. This address is now signed by seventy-one members, a few Legitimists still hesitating over it, believing it to be an "Orleanist trick." I wish I could indicate to you the air of scorn with which those two words are often pronounced by a Marquis of the old régime, whose ancestor was a loyal subject and friend of the Bourbons and a determined hater of the Orleans family. Whenever a true blue Legitimist wishes to express contempt of a project he calls it an "Orleanist trick," and the Marquis who used the words to me yesterday asserted, in rather stronger language than I can use, that he "would hang Turquin back to the Tuileries before giving those Orleans a single vote." But M. MAC MAHON did not refuse this time, and there rose a rumor immediately upon his tacit acceptance that he had been induced to say yes by a "very high personage," and that the *Figaro*, which hinted at all this in a way to be understood by few, had suddenly turned Bonapartist.

A BONAPARTIST REACTION.

I am sensible that I have not made all this as clear as I desired; but there are so many shades and so many different interests concerned, that it is hard to group them. But I trust that the aim is apparent, and that the end of the argument, based upon such facts as these, will be readily seen. There is a decided Bonapartist reaction going on, and some much practical reaction also, and this reaction is in favor of the Prince Imperial. The Comte DE PARIS and his family are quite out of the question, and the part of M. THIERS. He now makes great efforts to be Epicurean. The Comtesse DE CHIMY was persuaded to retain her portfolio of War, at Geneva, as M. LEON SAY had resigned after M. CASIMIR PERIER and the Duc DE BROGLIE asked to be relieved from Lucon, it would look too much like rats deserting a falling house. He was allowed to have his own way in the case of Gen. LE-BARBIER, and with respect to two military bills, M. LEON SAY was promised the fullest liberty of action, and even allowed to attack the financial policy of the Government; it he desired to do so in the interests of free trade. M. GOULARD was made a Minister, not because he had any special claims, but to please the Centre Party. It was the only possible way of pleasing that party in its desire to delay the appointment of an ambassador to the Italian Court, without offending Victor EMMANUEL, and he was appointed for no other reason. M. JULES LEVEON gave up completely his educational bill, and it was presented in the form that Mgr. DUPANLOUP desired. These are among the many concessions made for the purpose of calming party strife, and to avoid the threatened outbreak which bade fair to rouse the dormant spirit of revolution in the insurrectionary quarters. M. THIERS is a remarkably clever man and he knows the weaknesses and foibles of his country men. He may succeed in getting over this crisis without any open rupture, but it is yet doubtful. The whole Chamber is frightened and astounded at the attitude of MCMAHON, and at the ready acceptance of a military ruler—or the idea of having one—by the people and the Press. But after all, is anything else possible? To paraphrase Sergeant BALLANTINE, no decree of the Assembly can guarantee the life of M. THIERS, and for almost the first time, Frenchmen are thinking seriously of what might happen if he were to die. Considering the weakness of the Orleanists, and the impossible attitude of HENRY V., there are very few who are willing to deny that the result would be the reappearance of BONAPARTE or the Commune. MCMAHON is the temporary breakwater; but, having to choose between these two, all but those irrevocably compromised *vis-à-vis* the Empire would choose the former. Meanwhile photographs of NAPOLEON III. reading a book with his fine head resting upon one hand, and with the red ribbon of a Chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur in his button-hole, are for sale in every shop, while pictures of the Empress and of the frank and good-natured looking young Prince have appeared by hundreds. All of these had disappeared after the last reaction, and their reappearance indicates in a way a new change of public feeling. ASHBY.

AFFAIRS IN ENGLAND.

The Trouble with the Hooks—A Judicial Scandal—The Ballot Bill.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LONDON, Saturday, Feb. 17, 1872.

While a military expedition is giving what Pasha BAKER would call "a lesson" to the hill tribes of Loobai, the Kookas have also been giving trouble in the Punjaub. The Kookas are a fanatical sect of Hindoos, who not long since attacked and murdered a number of Mohammedan butchers. This outbreak was quickly suppressed and sharply punished, but the effect of the punishment appears to have soon passed away, for in the middle of January the Kookas of Loodiana, attacked a British fort. A body of troops was sent after them from the camp at Delhi, and they were promptly dispersed, many being shot down or captured. The leader of the sect, RAM SING, and several Kooka chiefs, have been arrested. The founder of the sect died in 1863, and RAM SING, a carpenter, was then elected in his stead, and has brought over many converts, and enforced great vigor and spirit into the movement. Its principal adherents are Hindoos and Sikhs of the lower orders, laborers, mechanics, carriers, and peasants. The insignia are a woolen rosary, an untwisted turban, and a staff; and every convert is also required to carry a knife and a small ax. The doctrines of the sect proclaim the unity of God, forbid idolatry, ignore caste, and prescribe meekness and resignation. "Be meek, bear harsh sayings, always hide your good deeds, continually repeat God, God, God; do not eat flesh or drink spirits; continue always in the fear of God." These are some passages from a kind of Bull circulated a few years ago. It has, however, been suspected that religion was only a cloak for a political organization. For four years RAM SING was kept under surveillance in his village, but nothing could be made out against him. He was released, and his own conduct has since been apparently excellent. The conclusion I am disposed to come to is that we must expect to be troubled with isolated and petty outbreaks from time to time, that these will be annoying rather than dangerous, and that one guarantee against a wide conspiracy is that we are now, to borrow a phrase from France, the Government which divides the native population least. Besides, the education of the people, while it is a danger on one side, is a bulwark on the other, and time is on our side.

A JUDICIAL SCANDAL.

What has been called "the Collier scandal" is still making some stir, complicated as it has been by the Ewelme scandal. Sir ROBERT COLLIER, the late Attorney-General, and besides a common law Judge, as a matter of form, in order to qualify him for a seat in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, he went through the farce of sitting on the Bench for a day or two, and was then promoted to the higher office. Again, the rectory of Ewelme is by act of Parliament attached to the University of Oxford; but Mr. GLADSTONE, to spite the constituents who had rejected him, gave it to a member of the University of Cambridge, who, by his advice, procured a nominal connection with Oxford in order to bring himself colorably within the law. It is said, very naturally, that these transactions are not straightforward dealings, and that they show a marked taste for the evasion of statute law. A vote of censure for the Collier appointment was moved by Lord STANHOPE (the historian of Queen ANNE's reign and author of the *Life of Pitt*) and lost by the casting vote of the Lord Chancellor in his own favor. The debate was rather a stormy one, and showed that when the gods have a mind they can sling each other as well as the commonest of us. "There are two ways," said Lord SALISBURY, "of doing business; you may do it as between friends and honorable men, or you may do it as it is done between attorneys of the lowest class;" and he left no room for doubt as to his opinion that the Lord Chancellor and Mr. GLADSTONE had chosen the latter course. The Duke of ARGYLL, expecting a vote against the Government, was especially furious. He protested against "the raiding the shield accusation" that had been staged by the Lord Chief-Justice, and stigmatized his letter as "clap-trap rubbish." Lord WESTBURY did not fail to contribute his drop or two of vitriol to the controversy. The Lord Chancellor, he said, had conferred a fraudulent misuse of an act of Parliament, and the letter of Justice WILLES, a common law Judge who had defended the appointment, showed how low and degraded were apt to be the justice of the Courts of law as compared with the exalted and sublime character of Courts of equity, and how much need there was of an improvement in legal education. The same question is to be raised in the House of Commons on Monday, when Sir BERNPHAL HARDY will throw his shield over the Premier. It is expected that the Lord Chancellor will soon resign, and Sir HOUNDELL will succeed him.

THE BALLOT BILL.

It is certain that the Ballot bill, in one shape or another, will be passed this year. It is going smoothly through the House of Commons, and the Lords have now no alternative but to pass it, though they may try to amend a section of the voting in the event of criminal proceedings being taken.

Mr. DOWSE, the Irish Attorney-General, expressed the debate on Thursday with a decided Bonapartist enthusiasm in Ireland—one perhaps a very remote subject. It had been suggested, he said, that a vote was a trust, but if he had given that idea a moment's thought, he might have then arrived at the conclusion that it was nothing of the kind. The vote was a property, and he might do what he pleased with his own property. The speech was received with cheers, and Mr. DOWSE was congratulated on it by many of his colleagues. Mr. DISRAELI, however, in his quiet way, gave the speech a good deal of quiet, but very effective, ridicule. He said that he had known instances of intoxication by a glass of water, of a lawyer on a client, by a doctor on a patient, but by a patient on a doctor. He had known half a commissioner leave three pounds on and set up another piece of wisdom on account of his vote; thus depriving him of a considerable part of his income. F. E. J.

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

Best of the Attorney-General's Speech—The Testimony for the Defense.

Writing from London under date of Feb. 16, our own correspondent says: "At last the Attorney-General has finished his speech! It seems quite strange and startling to look at the papers and find that the great speech is over, and that the Court has got back to evidence. Sir J. COLERIDGE spoke for twenty-eight days in all, and produced a very effective oration, though it was marred by some rather serious defects of taste and temper, and there was a strong appearance of talking against time. His remarks on the conduct of counsel on the other side would have been better omitted, but it is certainly significant that the case should have been taken up and dropped by three attorneys before the present firm took it up, and that one of the principal partners in this firm would, after a time, have nothing to do with it, even at the risk of breaking up the partnership. The Attorney-General was very severe on the people who had supplied the claimant with money to conduct his case—speculators and money-lenders who went in, not for truth and justice, but for seventy per cent. A more reckless, wicked and disgraceful kind of gambling was never, he said, heard of before. He was very pathetic in his references to the widow and her child, whom it was now sought to despoil by an abominable conspiracy, and also to ROGER'S cousin, SARA DOUGHTY, now Mrs. BATCHLER, and the slanders of which she had been made the victim.

"A great estate and an old and honorable family await your verdict. On you it depends whether a young and noble lady of spotless character and her young son shall enjoy that estate and represent that family, or whether the estate is to be wasted and the family destroyed by a conspirator, perjurer, forger, slanderer and villain. When CHEVIOTE TICHBORNE came to die, in the time of Queen ELIZABETH, he spoke of the family of TICHBORNE as having lived established in its place in Hampshire for two hundred years from before the Conquest. Since hundred years have passed since then, but I hope of that great and ancient house one scion will be the little child, and for him I pray you verdict."

Among the first witnesses called for the defense was Mrs. BATCHLEPE, who solemnly and pointedly denied the abominable slander of claimant as to her alleged intimacy with her. It was pronounced that she was in an interesting condition, and that she came to give this evidence with great pain, and even in peril of her life, and the opposing counsel was necessarily very mild in his cross-examination, and failed in any way to shake her testimony."

ROME.

A Popular Demonstration of Patriotism.

Rome (Feb. 10)—Correspondence of the London Daily News.

Gen. CUPDA's funeral led to a striking demonstration of patriotism on the part of the Romans. The streets were crowded to excess. The funeral cortège was led by the band of the First Grenadiers. Then came a large number of monks and the parish priest of St. Vincenzo and Anastasio. An artillery carriage drawn by six black horses bore the body of the deceased. Prince RUSPOLI, Gen. RICOTTI, the Minister of War, Signor MARIANI, member of the Chamber of Deputies; and Gen. PETTINENGO held the pall. The Prince appeared deeply affected, and walked the whole way without once turning his face toward the crowd. The procession which followed was numerous and brilliant. It included all the members of the Royal household in uniform, the members of the Cabinet, the members of the Diplomatic body, several foreign officers in full uniform, the Prefect and the Mayor of Rome, all the Deputies and Senators now in Rome, and all the officers of the army and National Guard who were not on duty that day. The procession closed with some fifty empty carriages belonging to the principal nobles of Rome. Unfortunately, on reaching the church, a heavy shower came on, but not one of the crowd strived from his place, and not one of the gentlemen in fine uniform thought about his gold embroideries. The monks, however, fearing perhaps that some punishment would befall them for accompanying the bier of an Italian general honored in Church and State, and the scene became truly comic. On the procession arriving at the church, a funeral service took place, which lasted more than an hour, the Prince and all who had accompanied the body being present. On seeing the priests and monks accompanying the bier, the people exclaimed, "How is it that they have come?" Few of them knew what scene had occurred at the Vatican. On the parish priest being asked to render religious honors to the deceased, he replied that he could not comply without first seeking permission of the Vicar-General. The Vicar-General, Cardinal PATRIZI, consulted Cardinal ANTONELLI, who observed that it was time to put an end to these stupid squabbles. Cardinal ANTONELLI prevailed, and the parish priest celebrated the religious functions. Cardinal PATRIZI and Cardinal ANTONELLI have since been at open war with each other.

INDIA.

The Kooka Outbreak and the Recent Executions.

Calcutta (Jan. 20) Correspondence of the London Times.

The last fortnight, as I have stated above, has robbed the cap p of much of its interest, in detailing it of so large and important a body of troops. I cannot say that the Kooka outbreak of itself has attracted any considerable amount of attention in India. The entire incidents, from the beginning of the outbreak to the end of it, were crowded into a very small space of time; and yet a catastrophe ending in the execution of forty-nine persons by the most dreadful of all forms of military execution—the arrest of all the chiefs of the Kooka sect, and the absolute extinction of the rebellion can hardly be deemed unimportant. The full facts give to the affair a somewhat different complexion from that which appeared from the telegrams. The assault on the Maloud, or Maloudah, Fort, rather more than twenty miles south-east of Loodiana, was made by a body of from 200 to 300 Kookas, and it is now said that RAM SING, the head prophet of the Gorne (now worshiping) sect, and two days previously given warning to the Loodiana Police that such an attack would be made, in defiance, I believe, of his orders. What the Police did in the matter is not yet known; but the attack was made with so much dash that the mutineers, rushing on with the cry, "Lo, RAM SING comes! make way! make way!" reached the house of the Chief, a relative of the Maharajah of Puttiala, and found the gate already in their possession. The Chief was wounded, but the townspeople, in the meantime, had been assured, and the Kookas were eventually driven out, leaving a few dead and several prisoners, including one woman. Two causes are given for the attack. One the seizure of arms for an undoubtedly planned attack on the Sikh mutineers on the Sirdar in command at the fort for his assistance to the British Government in connection with the murderous affair at Raikote. After their repulse from Maloud the mutineers marched to Kotla, but halted about a mile and a half from that town, which gave the authorities time to remove the women and cattle, which was of more importance, to send intelligence of the outbreak to Puttiala.

Meanwhile, however, the attack was made, and repulsed, after some hard fighting, and the Kookas retreated to Ruer, a village in the Puttiala State, pursued by the Kotla troops. During the pursuit, joined in by the Tehsildar of Sherepore, about seventy Kookas, half of whom were wounded, were captured. On the 17th the prisoners were taken into the town, and the *Public Opinion* says that forty-nine of them were blown from guns in the presence of Mr. COWAN, the Deputy Commissioner. The execution must have been ordered either by the authorities of Kotla, or by the Maharajah of Puttiala, (I should say the former;) but I am quite satisfied the latter was not. COWAN, it is true that he was present, will have to give the Government a very satisfactory account indeed of the matter if he is to escape severe censure. I admit all the difficulty of the position. Whoever ordered the execution assuredly did much to extinguish a rebellion which was increased and fanaticised to such a much greater loss of life. Besides, we have found that it is dangerous to be too squeamish in restricting native chiefs to our rules, or, indeed, in restricting ourselves to English rules, but there are some acts that are English, and we can confine to our sanction, and I think this execution is one such case. I hope there will be a satisfactory explanation of it, but nothing has yet appeared.

THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD.

From Sundays in Answers.

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Among the first witnesses called for the defense was Mrs. BATCLIFFE, who solemnly and pointedly denied the abominable slander of claimant as to her alleged intimacy with her. It was pronounced that she was in an interesting condition, and that she came to give this evidence with great pain, and even in peril of her life, and the opposing counsel was necessarily very mild in his cross-examination, and failed in any way to shake her testimony."

ROME.

A Popular Demonstration of Patriotism.

Rome (Feb. 10)—Correspondence of the London Daily News.

Gen. CUPDA's funeral led to a striking demonstration of patriotism on the part of the Romans. The streets were crowded to excess. The funeral cortège was led by the band of the First Grenadiers. Then came a large number of monks and the parish priest of St. Vincenzo and Anastasio. An artillery carriage drawn by six black horses bore the body of the deceased. Prince RUSPOLI, Gen. RICOTTI, the Minister of War; Signor MARIANI, member of the Chamber of Deputies; and Gen. PETTINENGO held the pall. The Prince appeared deeply affected, and walked the whole way without once turning his face toward the crowd. The procession which followed was numerous and brilliant. It included all the members of the Royal household in uniform, the members of the Cabinet, the members of the Diplomatic body, several foreign officers in full uniform, the Prefect and the Mayor of Rome, all the Deputies and Senators now in Rome, and all the officers of the army and National Guard who were not on duty that day. The procession closed with some fifty empty carriages belonging to the principal nobles of Rome. Unfortunately, on reaching the church, a heavy shower came on, but not one of the crowd strived from his place, and not one of the gentlemen in fine uniform thought about his gold embroideries. The monks, however, fearing perhaps that some punishment would befall them for accompanying the bier of an Italian general honored in Church and State, and the scene became truly comic. On the procession arriving at the church, a funeral service took place, which lasted more than an hour, the Prince and all who had accompanied the body being present. On seeing the priests and monks accompanying the bier, the people exclaimed, "How is it that they have come?" Few of them knew what scene had occurred at the Vatican. On the parish priest being asked to render religious honors to the deceased, he replied that he could not comply without first seeking permission of the Vicar-General. The Vicar-General, Cardinal PATRIZI, consulted Cardinal ANTONELLI, who observed that it was time to put an end to these stupid squabbles. Cardinal ANTONELLI prevailed, and the parish priest celebrated the religious functions. Cardinal PATRIZI and Cardinal ANTONELLI have since been at open war with each other.

INDIA.

The Kooka Outbreak and the Recent Executions.

Calcutta (Jan. 20) Correspondence of the London Times.

The last fortnight, as I have stated above, has robbed the cap p of much of its interest, in detailing it of so large and important a body of troops. I cannot say that the Kooka outbreak of itself has attracted any considerable amount of attention in India. The entire incidents, from the beginning of the outbreak to the end of it, were crowded into a very small space of time; and yet a catastrophe ending in the execution of forty-nine persons by the most dreadful of all forms of military execution—the arrest of all the chiefs of the Kooka sect, and the absolute extinction of the rebellion can hardly be deemed unimportant. The full facts give to the affair a somewhat different complexion from that which appeared from the telegrams. The assault on the Maloud, or Maloudah, Fort, rather more than twenty miles south-east of Loodiana, was made by a body of from 200 to 300 Kookas, and it is now said that RAM SING, the head prophet of the Gorne (now worshiping) sect, and two days previously given warning to the Loodiana Police that such an attack would be made, in defiance, I believe, of his orders. What the Police did in the matter is not yet known; but the attack was made with so much dash that the mutineers, rushing on with the cry, "Lo, RAM SING comes! make way! make way!" reached the house of the Chief, a relative of the Maharajah of Puttiala, and found the gate already in their possession. The Chief was wounded, but the townspeople, in the meantime, had been assured, and the Kookas were eventually driven out, leaving a few dead and several prisoners, including one woman. Two causes are given for the attack. One the seizure of arms for an undoubtedly planned attack on the Sikh mutineers on the Sirdar in command at the fort for his assistance to the British Government in connection with the murderous affair at Raikote. After their repulse from Maloud the mutineers marched to Kotla, but halted about a mile and a half from that town, which gave the authorities time to remove the women and cattle, which was of more importance, to send intelligence of the outbreak to Puttiala.

Meanwhile, however, the attack was made, and repulsed, after some hard fighting, and the Kookas retreated to Ruer, a village in the Puttiala State, pursued by the Kotla troops. During the pursuit, joined in by the Tehsildar of Sherepore, about seventy Kookas, half of whom were wounded, were captured. On the 17th the prisoners were taken into the town, and the *Public Opinion* says that forty-nine of them were blown from guns in the presence of Mr. COWAN, the Deputy Commissioner. The execution must have been ordered either by the authorities of Kotla, or by the Maharajah of Puttiala, (I should say the former;) but I am quite satisfied the latter was not. COWAN, it is true that he was present, will have to give the Government a very satisfactory account indeed of the matter if he is to escape severe censure. I admit all the difficulty of the position. Whoever ordered the execution assuredly did much to extinguish a rebellion which was increased and fanaticised to such a much greater loss of life. Besides, we have found that it is dangerous to be too squeamish in restricting native chiefs to our rules, or, indeed, in restricting ourselves to English rules, but there are some acts that are English, and we can confine to our sanction, and I think this execution is one such case. I hope there will be a satisfactory explanation of it, but nothing has yet appeared.

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The New-York Times.

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, MARCH 10, 1872.

THE NEW-YORK TIMES,
DAILY, SUNDAY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

This journal is now thoroughly established with the general public as the organ of the best conservative thought, whether in national or local government. The good work the TIMES has been pushing ever since its establishment of self-government in politics, and its vigorous support of the Democratic Party, has been received with universal approval. It has adhered to the pledge given in its original prospectus, that when merely years ago, that the waste should be prevented, and that honest economy should prevail throughout its dealings. Its record has been clear and honorable, and the highest aim of its conductors is to render it more and more worthy of its position, and of the confidence which the public reposes in it. Two out of three of the original proprietors still direct its policy, and guide it on all public questions. They purpose that the TIMES shall continue to keep clear of all narrow and unworthy influences and cliques, and aim to represent the great body of the public, as distinguished from personal factions. It occupies a perfectly independent position, and is free to speak the truth on all subjects and about all men. Its greatly increased circulation throughout the country adds to its power and influence. It will continue to be a faithful exponent of Republican principles, and advocate with unfailing energy every measure which tends to further the welfare of the people.

The utmost care will be devoted to gathering political news from special sources during the Presidential campaign. The department of the paper will be virtually full and trustworthy. Renewed enterprise will be exhibited in every department of the paper, and large space will be devoted to reports of speeches made during elections, or on other important political occasions.

A very full summary of news, and many general articles of great interest, are published in the Semi-weekly edition; and in the Weekly edition there is an unabridged report of the proceedings at the Farmers' Club, an excellent summary of political information, and a great variety of matter suitable for family reading.

The NEW-YORK TIMES is pre-eminently a family paper, all objectionable advertisements being rigidly excluded; and it has a constantly increasing circulation among the most respectable classes of the community.

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THE NEW-YORK TIMES,
New-York City.

Notice.

We cannot notice anonymous communications. In all cases we require the writer's name and address, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications, nor can we undertake to preserve manuscripts.

To Advertisers.

☞ For the accommodation of up-town residents, advertisements for insertion in the TIMES will be received at No. 34 West 23d-st., junction of Broadway and 6th-av.; No. 606 West 23d-st., opposite Grand Opera-house, and No. 1,241 Broadway, between 30th and 31st-sts., at same rates as are charged at office of publication.

☞ The NEW-YORK TIMES has opened a branch office in Brooklyn at No. 44 Court-st., opposite the City Hall, where advertisements will be received until 5 P. M.

A very fair and comprehensive exhibit of the political outlook in New-Hampshire will be found in another column. The prospects of a Republican triumph are, as will be observed, very encouraging. It will be noted that the only uncertain elements in the calculation are the vote of the Temperance and Labor Reform parties. Any influence which they may exert, however, upon the result of Tuesday's election, will not affect what may be assumed to be the judgment of New-Hampshire on questions of national politics.

A highly seasonable and important piece of legislation—Mr. MOULTON'S Gas Companies' bill—was ordered to a third reading in the Assembly yesterday. The act fixes at sixteen candles the minimum illuminating power of all gas manufactured, after the date of its passage, by the chartered companies of this City. It further provides for a minimum water pressure in consumers' meters of not less than nine-tenths of an inch, between half an hour after sunset and 11 P. M. Failure to comply with these provisions is made a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of not less than five hundred dollars, nor not more than one thousand dollars. Its other clauses are equally stringent, and equally necessary for the public protection. It is to be hoped that the bill will pass into law without further modification. It will then be the fault of gas consumers if they do not associate for the purpose of employing the aid of experts to test the pressure and illuminating power of their gas, and to see, generally, that the provisions of the bill are faithfully obeyed.

What the Charter Election Ought to Give Us.

Nothing seems further, at the present moment, from the thoughts of this community, than the necessity of preparing for a City election. Yet only four weeks from next Tuesday, the voting population of New-York will be called upon, in the almost certain event of the passage of the new charter, to participate in one of the most momentous elections of our local history. First, on a general vote, there will be chosen a Mayor to act as chief Executive officer in a reorganized City Government. We cannot hold it in the least degree doubtful that the head of our local administration will be a man of undisputed personal character, of proved ability, and entirely free from questionable political affiliations or corrupt party pledges. Were it possible that, after the revelations of the past eight months, the citizens of New-York should fail to elect such a man, there would be no escape from the conclusion that the party of honesty was in a minority here, and that the people who live by political plunder would continue to rule as long as there was anything left to divide. Assuming, what may safely be considered a certainty, that the Mayor nominated on the Reform ticket will be elected, that would insure us, first, the reappointment of the present Controller, who was the earliest fruitage of the Reform movement, and who has furnished the noblest proofs of its true spirit; second, an honest Chairman of the Board of Public Works, in place of the knave who now controls that Board; third, a Commissioner of Police, i. e., the Commissioner of Police, Fire, Health, and Buildings, then an honest Chairman of the Board of Charities and Correction, and certain of high professional standing and public character to the Law Department; and finally, fifteen irreproachable citizens as Inspectors of Common Schools. In other words, the character of five of the chief officials of the City and that of a number of their subordinates will be determined by the character of the people's choice for Mayor.

When we come to estimate the probabilities in regard to the new Board of Aldermen, the problem becomes rather more intricate. Let it be assumed that on one side we shall have the reunited Democracy of the Democratic Party placing their nominees in the field, and on the other, the two wings of the Republican Party agreeing on the various Senate districts upon a common "slate." We trust that the Committee of Seventy will be found ready, as they were in November last, to recommend a non-partisan ticket in each district, selected from the best men that either party has to offer, and in the event of no respectable nominations being made, consisting of independent candidates. The best portion of this community has made up its mind that party lines must henceforth be obliterated in Municipal affairs, and that the question to be asked about any candidate is not, is he Republican or Democrat? but, is he honest and capable? The Committee of Seventy is a perfectly non-partisan body, and by its past triumphs, and the high character of its members, it has fairly earned the confidence of the vast majority of respectable citizens. It will be their obvious duty, therefore, as it is their unquestioned right, to submit to the people such Aldermanic nominations as they think fit to be made and likely to win. Let it be roughly estimated that the indorsement of the Committee of Seventy will have as much power in the Senate districts as it had in November last; we should then expect them, under the operation of a cumulative system of voting, to nominate and elect at least twenty-five members out of the forty-five on the Board of Aldermen. This would insure a corresponding preponderance of good men on the various City Boards, and a consequently honest conduct of City affairs. Such a result as this can be achieved under the new charter, but it will require unflagging devotion to the cause of Reform on the part of the people, and carefully matured organization on the part of their trusted advisers.

A Non-Political Police Force.

Between the Tammany tactics of the men in charge of our own Police, and the very dark cloud now resting upon the characters of one or two of the Commissioners, it is difficult to secure either the management or the workings of our system. Especially is this true when we consider the record of preventible and undetected crimes which has latterly filled the columns of the New-York and Brooklyn Press. It will be a change, therefore, to look for a few moments at the system which extends its protection over the lives and property and comfort of three or four million people elsewhere.

The Police District of London and the suburbs embraces an area of 688 square miles, and insures the protection of persons and property to an extent almost equal to the requirements of a small empire. The force consists of a Commissioner and several Assistant Commissioners, 26 Superintendents, 257 Inspectors, 635 Sergeants and 7,992 Constables, aggregating a numerical force of more than 9,150 persons. The Commissioners are men of military education and experience, accustomed to command, and entitled to exact implicit obedience on the part of their subordinates. The organization largely owes its position and efficiency to the executive ability of Col. ROMAN, and the legal knowledge of Sir RICHARD MAYNE. The present commander of the force, Col. HENDERSON, has done much to perfect the military proficiency of the men, and his assistants are somewhat open to the criticism of being devoted rather to the development of the soldierly than the strictly police branch of the system. Be this as it may, the result is a well-ordered, trustworthy body of peaceful soldiers, who are in fact, as well as in name, the guardians of the public, and the upholders of the law. Under the more recent mode of management, crime has diminished perceptibly in London, and of the most dangerous classes or criminals against property the reduction in number has been marked. Thus, the total number of cases of burglary, housebreaking, robbery and larceny, receiving stolen goods and keeping disorderly houses, was but 12,298 in 1870, as compared with 14,228 in 1869. These facts suggest the idea that possibly a little less politics, and a little more attention to the business in hand on the part of our own force, would work no injury to the cause of peace and social morals in our City.

There are twenty divisions in the London Police system, known by alphabetical letters, and usually numbering 450 or 500 men each. The largest division, known as the Strangers or K Division, has 700 members, and the smallest, letter H, numbers less than 300. The Broadway Squad of the force is known as the "Fancy A," and is detailed for palace and Parliament duty, and does the heavy exhibition business on State pageant occasions. There are 40 men in the Fancy A Division, with three Superintendents, thirty-five Inspectors and ninety-seven Sergeants. This, however, is an unusually large proportion of officers; but no special regulation seems to govern this matter. Each division is complete in itself, occupies its assigned district, and neither overstepps its own bounds nor admits its men except in cases of unusual disturbance.

The entire separation of politics and partisanship in Police affairs in London is in marked contrast with the miserable system in vogue with us. Here, politics is the pivot of the entire system; there, nothing of the sort is known. Members of the Board are men of high character, and are, in fact, Commissioners (the Mayor excepted) over the Board of Public Safety, i. e., the Commissioners of Police, Fire, Health, and Buildings; then in behind

SUMMARY OF AMUSEMENTS.

Music and the Drama.

HALLAM GOSSIP.

The London season usually causes a palpable diminution of audiences at the theatres, but except at the houses where the musical performance consists of pieces that have already had long and prosperous runs, there is, this year, little sign of such falling off. Indeed, the opera, which commonly suffers most from this cause, has been so numerously attended as to make the opening of the Spring season quite a triumph. The circumstance is a strong proof of the opera-hunger of New-York. In Lent, with operas so old and so well that the bare announcement of them presages a sense of impatience, the Academy has been literally crowded; and the management have a right to point to an implicit indorsement by the public of their much-censured policy in declining to bring out anything new. It would be a pity, however, and it would also probably prove a financial mistake, to lay this by as a precedent. The powerful attraction of Mlle. NILSSON has rendered possible what without her would have been disastrous failure. But it is doubtful, even with another NILSSON, if such there be, or, to be explicit, even with Mlle. PATTI, whether a repetition of the wearisome old repertory would be found to answer. People have flocked to the Academy this week in great numbers it is true. But almost everybody grumbles over the eternal repeats of the old works; and grumbling over the matter is pretty sure to end in shunning the opera-house altogether when the provocation is renewed.

THE CITY THEATRES.

The general expression of regret over the report that Mr. WALLACK meant to give up the management of his theatre after the present season is satisfactory as a token of public appreciation, and correspondingly, so is the general expression of pleasure over the denial of that report. Mr. WALLACK cannot be spared yet in either his managerial or artistic capacity. In both he has done much to raise the stage to a high level in New-York—and to keep it there. His house has become the steady resort of the more intellectual pleasure-seekers of the Metropolis, and it has been the means, directly or indirectly, of improving nearly all the other New-York theatres. It is desirable that Wallack's should continue, under its present management, to discharge its peculiar function as the most elegant and thoroughly equipped comedy play-house of the country; and that its director should remain the central figure of the works he so worthily presents. Hence Mr. WALLACK's assurance that he does not think of giving up his management, and has not thought of it, properly gives universal pleasure. "The Veteran" still draws good houses and remains on the bill for next week.

Mr. EDWIN BOOTH has been fatalifying rumors that he would not consent to act any part save *Brutus* in "Julius Cæsar," by appearing during the week as *Cassius*. Our high appreciation of the latter performance was recorded on Tuesday. Mr. BOOTH is as well suited to Cassius as he is ill-suited to *Brutus*. The first-named part he can always play with advantage to his reputation; the second, he will be wise entirely to eschew. Some well-meaning persons have been at much pains to convince us that the opinion originally expressed in these columns when "Julius Cæsar" was first produced on the subject of Mr. BOOTH's *Brutus* was an erroneous one. We are neither more nor less convinced of its accuracy now than before. The reasons on which the opinion was founded were clearly set forth; and as they have never been logically combated, and never even intelligently answered, they remain unshaken. To-morrow night Mr. BOOTH gives further proof of his versatility by appearing as *Mark Antony*. We are happy to own afresh the favorable reception of a sterling actor and worthy gentleman, Mr. WILLIAM CHEWINS, who has appeared during the week here as *Brutus*.

A series of crowded houses has greeted Mrs. JOHN WOOD at Niblo's Garden, during the week. Mr. BROUGHAM's "Belle Sauvage" is substantially well known, but it always pleases, Mrs. WOOD is a great favorite. Some of the help she has brought from London is worth having, and the extravaganza goes off always with peals of laughter and thunders of applause. As acted, the piece is something over richly endowed with music-hall specialties to gratify a refined taste. Still, if these fill the house and get the most applause, what are we to do about it? "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give," etc., and Messrs. JARRETT & PALMER have shown pretty conclusively that they know what pleases the people.... "Lalla Rookh" is not ready yet at the Grand Opera-house, and public expectation is consequently, like Erie stock, on the rise. From what we hear, there is little doubt but that the spectacle will really prove a very magnificent one. It is settled now that it is to be played on March 15.... After making out one of the finest runs on record, "Divorce" gives signs of flagging at the Fifth-avenue, and after next week will be withdrawn. Miss LINDA DIETZ, who has been ill, has resumed her place, we are glad to see. Mr. DALY announces manifold delights to come, and among the chief of these his patrons will esteem the forthcoming reappearance of a lady, always a favorite here, in Miss AGNES ERNST.... Mr. JAMES STARK MACKAYE continues his practice at the St. James Theatre in "Marriage;" and a lady has moreover written a poem wherein she apostrophizes him as a "dark-eyed hero." Mr. MACKAYE has clearly not lived and struggled in vain.... The entertainment at the Olympic remains unchanged until further notice.... At Wood's, on Monday, the drama of "The Working Men of New-York" will be brought out.... The Union-square Theatre offers its usual variety performance. Mr. C. D. DAVIES, the ventriloquist, takes part in all the representations.

SUNDAY CONCERTS.

Two Sunday concerts occur this evening. At the Grand Opera-house, the Mulder-Fabbri Opera Troupe and other artists will interpret, with the instrumental aid of the Ninth Regiment Band, an interesting programme. At the Union-square Theatre, an orchestra under Mr. H. B. DODWORTH will supply instrumental music, and Mme. SALVOTTI and Miss HENRIE will sing.

Home Gossip.

How liberally New-York supports Italian opera performances may be inferred from the figures following: Monday, at the Academy, the receipts of "Mignon" were $6,017; Wednesday "Martha" drew $4,480; Friday the receipts were $5,181, "Il Trovatore" being the opera; and yesterday afternoon the matinée special of "Faust" drew $4,320. These four representations produced $19,798.... W. S. ROBERTS, on notes in the "Jenny Williamson Burlesque Troupe," attempted to kill himself on Tuesday, and his life is now despaired of. The attempt was made in Nashville.... Mr. EDWIN FORREST acted last week in Syracuse.... Thomas comes to Louisville next week.... Miss MAGGIE KEYSELL acted last week in Hartford.... The Boston Globe is authority for the assertion that Miss CARLOTTA LEVERSON has been offered very high terms by Mr. EDWIN BOOTH, and will probably appear at his theatre after Easter, in a series of standard comedies.... Mr. OLE BULL is reported to have purchased a brown-stone front in Boston.... Mrs. BERNARD and Mr. DRAYTON gave English opera performances at the St. James Theatre, in Boston, last week.... Mrs. D. P. BOWERS acted last week in Wilmington, Del.... The Parvin-Rose English Opera Troupe sang last week in Washington, and opened this week in Baltimore.... Mr. BOTHNER was last week at Ford's Grand Opera-house in Baltimore.... Mr. DOLMAGE MURRAY was last week in Cleveland.... Mrs. MORRISON sang in Rose Hunter on Tuesday and Wednesday last.... Miss LOTTA was last week at St. Louis in Mr. BOOTH's Opera-house, in St. Louis.... Miss ROSE EVANS has returned to the California Theatre, in San Francisco.... At the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Italian opera performances are occurring, Signorina SPERANZA, and Signori MANGHI, and BIANCHI being the leading artists.... Mme. JAHANNISBERG was last week in Mobile, and the Lydia Thompson Troupe will perform in the same city four times this week.... The Atlantic Opera Troupe opened the New-Orleans Academy of Music until Saturday, and this week Mr. and Mrs. BARRY will appear in the same house.... Mr. J. W. WALLACK's first week's appearance at the St. Charles Theatre did not result in financial success.... Mr. BARRY FAULKNER of the Pike-Oakey Vaudevillians in "Hamlet".... WATTS PHILLIPS' new play called "On the Jury," was brought out at the Walnut-street Theatre, in Philadelphia, last week.... The "Forest City Opera-house Company," intended to supply Cleveland with an Academy of Music, has been dissolved.... The Boston Journal of March 4 says: "Mr. CHAS. BARROW, leading actor of the Boston Museum, is still ill at his residence in Boston Highlands, and fears are entertained that he may not recover. His illness is convection of the lungs. It will be remembered that he was taken ill suddenly on Monday last."

Russian Affairs.

Mr. FECHTER has been engaged by Messrs. WEBSTER and CHATTERTON to appear at the Adelphi Theatre, in London, for twenty-four nights.... We are informed that the announcement of Miss ALBONI's engagement with Mr. GYE is erroneous, and that the prima donna about to make her debut at Covent Garden is Mlle. EMMA ALBANI, a young Canadian lady, now singing with great éclat as Florence.... Mr. CHARLES READE and Mr. ANTHONY TROLLOPE are engaged upon comedies for the Gaiety Theatre.... Mlle. GODEFROY, a young and rising actress, of the Grand Opera, Paris, has, says the *Orchestra*, refused, on patriotic grounds, a splendid engagement in Berlin.... The reopening of the Italian Theatre, Paris, under M. VERGER's management, was fixed for March 2, and the season will be one of three months—March, April, and May. Mme. MARIE SASS, who succeeded so brilliantly at Cairo, will appear in the course of the season, perhaps in "Lucrezia Borgia" and "Il Trovatore".... The representations of "Robagas" at the Paris Vaudeville by no means run smoothly. Every evening hisses are heard. The theatre is, however, always crowded, and the receipts average 5,000 francs per representation.... Lady amateurs of rank have of late been crowding the stage and the concert-room; the debut of Mme. PRELLE as *Serlina*, in AUBER's "Fra Diavolo," at the Opera Comique in Paris, excited much interest, as the lady is a "femme du monde, qui a brillé dans les salons sur mon histoire, par son élégance, et par son talent d'amateur fort goûté," according to the authority of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.... A grand opera, says the *Musical Standard*, in five acts, by Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, entitled "Alima, ou le Vieux de la Montagne," has been accepted for performance at the Opera-house, Berlin. Mme. LUCCA will undertake the principal role.... The artists engaged at La Scala, in Milan, says the *Musical Standard*, have purchased a portrait of VERDI for the purpose of presenting it to his wife of the same musician.... M. GOUNOD's "Roméo et Juliet" has just been played in Italian at St. Petersburg, Mme. PATTI taking the part of the heroine, and Nicolini that of the lover. The success was immense.... A Nice journal, speaking of the recent concert of Mlle. CARLOTTA PATTI in that city, says: "The Theatre Italien was literally dazzling with laces, diamonds, perfumed hair, and fashions of a height and construction unknown to any fashion except that of today. After the first act of 'Crispino' a rustle of happy expectation passed over the entire house, and a grand burst of applause greeted Mlle. CARLOTTA PATTI when she appeared, beaming, perfumed, charming, always young. From her pretty lips she shook these delicious pearls of whose production only herself and her sister have the secret—a priceless gift which they owe more to nature than to study and to art. Three times the distinguished fantatrice sang, and three times they acclaimed a triumph—first, with the songs from 'Lucia,' then with the duet from 'L'Elisir d'Amore,' in which her exquisite powers were finely displayed. For the first time the audience heard the 'Valse d'une Folie a Rome,' sung by Mlle. PATTI, and of it she made in truth a ravishing creation. If the kind composers to whose genius we owe 'Crispino,' &c., had been there, with what enthusiasm would they have mingled their 'bravos' with those of the brilliant and distinguished audience that filled boxes and seats and galleries to repletion. In answer to a rapturous demand for an encore, and burdened with pounds of bouquets, Mlle. PATTI returned and gave the song of 'Le Belle Bourbonaise,' with a season which baffles description; for it is impossible to attain a laugh, a short ripplING, brilliant and infectious as at the same time.... It is bewilderingly dazzling from the first to the last note, not one of which was without its meaning. M. STRAKOSCH alone accompanied Mlle. PATTI, and he has the right to participate largely in the immense success of the celebrated pupil."..... The celebrated pianist THALBERG has left one of the richest and most varied collections of autograph musical scores extant. It contains orchestral scores and manuscripts of all sorts by J. S. Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini, Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, Bellini, Mendelssohn, and other renowned composers. It is the intention of Madame THALBERG to dispose of the collection, and to devote the amount realized to some public charity.

AT JOHANNISBERG.

Metternich's Wine-Cellars.

Of the scenes and hundreds who annually run up the Rhine to spend their Summer vacation and to exchange during a brief season the beer, bitter or other wine, of every day and workaday life for the more delicate and fragrant beverage of that rattled stream, there are but few that reflect, or even know, to whom it is that their thanks are due for this golden blessing. Too long centuries are the great and good Kaiser KARL—he whom the history books so delight and persist in calling by the Frenchified form of his name, CHARLEMAGNE—"a man of forethought, ready contrivance and useful talent"—brought the grape from his Kingdom of France and first planted it near Rüdesheim and not far from Bishop HATTO's Mouse-tower, on the borders of the beautiful Rhine. Here it is, according to the elegant historian, Sir FRANCIS PALGRAVE, that we may study the great Kaiser's achievements, putting the book by. "Better than in the book may the traveler read CHARLEMAGNE's genuine character pictured upon the lovely unfolding landscape; the huge Dom-Münsters, the fortresses of religion; the yellow sunny rocks, studded with the vine; the mulberry and the peach, ripening in the ruddy orchards; the succulent pot-herbs and worts which stock the Bauer's garden—these are the monuments and memorials of CHARLEMAGNE's mind. The first health pledged when the flask is opened at Johannisberg should be the monarch's name who gave the song-inspiring vintage."

There, *am Rhein*—with my head full of traditions and legends—after making thorough trial of the mischievous Nahe wine of Bingen, the ardent Rüdesheimer of the opposite bank, and the ruby Asmannshäuser, and then taking a donkey ride over the Niederwald, and a steamboat journey by night—there on *Rhein*, I say, happy in my holiday and ready to die of indolence, I lay in Winkel. The name, if we translate it by our word "corner," or "angle," or "nook," the equivalent for the German *winkel*, is prosaic enough—though it happens that the proper name Winkel here is but a base corruption of the Latin *Vini cellæ*. The reverend "ancients" were glorious tipplers. My guide was very ready with the most credible explanation of the name. "KARL the Great," he said, "possessed here in Winkel extensive wine-cellars and sold Winkelhemer, called nowadays Johannisberger, to the host of the *Rheingau-Hof*." Wonderful anachronism! —and yet has not even SHAKESPEARE spoken of a sea-coast of Bohemia? After this, I am inclined to be very indulgent regarding the grossest and most marvelous mistakes in geography and history. Winkel is anything but a Winkel, (or corner,)—fearfully lonely, and still as a church-yard, stands—perpendicular, its steeples away reminding you of the famous lane that has no turning. It has a church and a church clock without hands—but where no hour strikes for the lucky man who sits over his Johannisberger, what need is there of a dial-monitor? It contains also a Rathhaus with two uncertainable towers in the street-window, and a boy, dressed always like a sailor, acting as a great official arm-chair, represents the penal authorities. Two taverns, a baker's and a butcher's, and half a dozen beer houses and many fountains, which I have mentioned there, I have seen all that can interest the student of civilization in Winkel. I saw but one idiotic inhabitant, and he lived at No. 136, and was looking out of window and squinting crosswise from under a slightly worn cap.... No. 424, and No. 314, and No. 216—as Time is Winkel that ordinary ciphers haven't sufficed, and they have been obliged to resort to fractions. For herself a hundred no good Winkelhemer lavish beauties—beyond that digitic number arithmetic seems to blunderbuss around and fill of pitfalls for unsophisticated minds. Every house has its metal mirror over the door, so that those who have the deserved moment each return of fatigue, might see an image of the weary pilgrim at the door of their own. In the dusty town, "Ich bin ein Fremder" was, of course, a phrase of the most frequent occurrence. I guess there was an old fellow, who to my question, "How far is it to the Johannisberg?" answered: "*Bonn Aussdolief und bont dyrour*"—literally, a dog's bark and two kicks, or, as we put it, as far as you can hear the sound of a dog's barking and must walk in order to smoke one two pipes. On my specially insisting to know what this mysterious Germans meant, he interpreted it by saying that it was a good quarter of a (German) mile. Are Rhine wines, they speak of in hours distance, it signifies that a lusty runner could send for it three-quarters of an hour, and should even this suffice him, *ist mir gegen mein Gesicht!* This phrase of amortization, for the my per curiositer, is reported to have been invented during one glorious night at the Cologne Dom.

One pass the castle of Johannisberg—which even in the flash of distance that is wont to idealize many things, makes the prosaic impression of a white barrack upon which the architect attempted the gut-feature of the triangle—ever before him, and believes it were possible to lay hold on it, while one wanders through cabbage and chicory fields and seeks a path through clover meadows and over a wonderful carpet of wild flowers. This, then, is Prince METTERNICH's castle, bordered and shut in by vine-stocks and undermined by illimitable cellars, whence *le roi des poulards* is stored up. Between the vine-rollises not a single weed is visible, not even a plantain, which is otherwise in REMARKS's family motto: "*Den Wegerich sollst lassen stehn; Hilf die, Jung 's sind Nessels daran!*" "Leave the plaintain alone; beware, young, there are nettles on it." But in spite of all this, the present is no "sound-year," and for potentates can be furnished for their time, in any case, only Number 2, and that with a mark of interrogation added. There must, certainly, be a convenient road leading up the Johannisberg, else the Princess with her span of ponies could not reach the top. I had relied upon my own path-finding instinct and hence missed the road, so that I had to mount by the ragged bed of a torrent, then fortunately dry, however, and by sundry steps, which, in point of difficulty, left nothing to be desired, and finally, I hold the lines from the "Fight with the Dragon:"

> "*Auf Grimmel dreiste Stufen klagt*
> *Der Pilgrim an das steile Licht!*"
>
> "Upstairs of three times thirty steps
> The pilgrim climbs the lofty height."

The Rhine tourist would laugh at me should I call the Castle of Johannisberg itself beautiful. Its beauty is hidden within it, not only in the comforts of the dwelling, which reminds one of the taste in the Rue Granelle St. Germain, but—deeper—deeper—in the bowels of the earth. Yet I will not unwillingly, on the ground, the wide hill resembles a great hall of flowers designed for exhibition and deserving prizes, and on the moderately large plateau there awaits the traveler a prospect far into the Rhineland of such character as might well move poetically-disposed natures to tears. But when one turns to the other side, and beds over the gilded balustrade hint concealed by convolvulusses and exquisitely fragrant jasmines, then begins the practical world. Seventy-traces of vines of the celebrated *Cachet du Prince*, distinctly divided from the rest of the land by black-and-yellow boundary-stones, the former of which shine with the color of the flag which floats from the roof of the mansion where the "Blue Seal" and the "Great Seal" are kept, like the Holy Grail, within mysterious tabernacles. Monks, it is said, were the first to cultivate the vine and drink wine here—excellent church-sacraments they were in all times that had anything to do with the church's wine stock. Then followed Princes of the House of Orange, and tapped, even at that early epoch, three different kinds. NAPOLEON I. annexed the hill and made it over to Maréchal KELLERMANN "forever." Certain things, however, happened in the years 1814 and 1815, which greatly shrinked the pleasure of the said Maréchal KELLERMANN, and the hill came back to the METTERNICHS.

It was my good fortune to arrive at the entrance to the vaults at the same moment as an English family, consisting of a port-wine papa, an imposing cherry mamma—men and women may often be tabulated according to their favorite beverages—and a bevy of young masters and misses, the commencement lovely and fair. We journeyed together into the under-world. It was a solemn moment, as if we were about to enter the pyramid of a Pharaonic King. Passing out of the blinding sunshine, we found ourselves transported into the twilight of immense vaults, where growths the Majesty of St. John gave proof by their lusty bubbling that Christian charity begins at home. Like spirits and sub-lunary forms flitted to and fro, a torch in one hand, a glass in the other.

The first impression was as though we were marching in a slow, melancholy procession through the passages of a city of the dead, and a funeral were just going forward, for lights, fanned hither and thither by mysterious currents of air, were reflected from what seemed monster coffins. But after the eye had grown accustomed to the strange twilight, the coffins were metamorphosed into giant casks, each bearing the Metternich arms. The cipher showing the years of vintage of the divine nectar beneath, was visible by the aid of a lifted taper. The extent of the cellars was lost in darkness and night, as a mine, in which only here and there the starlet of a miner's lamp glimmers. Our guide, who wore a white cap, and appeared to make an involuntary obeisance before the wine of each famous year, expressed himself rather obscurely when he remarked that the wine would be kept in these casks till it were "gold." "Aber, mein Herr, wenn Sie wieder!" there must be some diplomatic secrets here. I have heard of the "rolling Russian rouble," and of bribing by means of plated spoons and exquisite caviare, but of presents of Johannisberger I had never been aware. Johannisberger! given away!" and this in both ways, with the seals of Prince METTERNICH. Let every liberal journalist in Europe, who would remain honest, pray before going to bed: "Lead us not into temptation!" Blue-sealed Johannisberger—Emperor of virtual!

They say there was in 1814 a French General, who, for reasons not explained, deemed it strategically necessary to blow up the cellars of METTERNICH. Let every liberal journalist in Europe, who would remain honest, pray before going to bed: "Lead us not into temptation!" Blue-sealed Johannisberger—Emperor of virtual!

They say there was in 1814 a French General, who, for reasons not explained, deemed it strategically necessary to blow up the cellars of METTERNICH. Even the Paris Commune would not have ventured upon such a crime. We were shown in one part of the cellar three mines, which the monster had caused to be made for that purpose.

Wonderful wandering through the realm of Bacchus!

> "Weinflasse rechts,
> Weinflasse links,
> Weinflasse in der Mitten!"

Our guide tapped many a good old cask familiarly, though reverently on its broad back, proud as a father that says he hands on the shoulders of his boy, who has passed a good examination. The cellars show the venerable wood of seven centuries. Are dwellings in them, as in the subterranean Lisbon wine-vaults, where one expects, in the way of spontaneous generation from silent and horror, a basilisk, or some other fabulous monster, will start forth from the fungi and mushrooms and toad-stools in the stretch, half-way, overgrown over ground and roof and arch. No wine of second quality comes into this silent sacristy. Should there befall a bad crop, the produce is thrown into the market at the meanest price of nine francs a bottle. We tasted more than once the second quality, which, as we said, is sold in Paris as the "one or yellow seal, and affirmed to be from the Prince's own cellar, at five and twenty or five and thirty francs a bottle, and when the connoisseur takes gladly even at that price. The wine of the first quality, that is intended to mingle only in princely veins with princely blood, commences at twenty and ends the wealthy man, appointed specially for it, higher without sleep and days without appetite. He has to regard and heed for weeks long wind and weather, so long as this God's gift for the great ones of this world is prepaning on the vine. Is most question barometer and thermometer, sensible, feathers? From the quarter of the clouds, and have entered into a secret pact with the weather-cock. Each golden grape that the wind casts to the earth is taken up with a pair of delicate tongs and kept till the time of wine-pressing. Great is the burden of responsibility borne by such a vineyard-keeper. Let it be true that the eyes of the anointed of the earth are upon him and to him belong the sighs of longing of diplomacy—and, as the vintage is very late here, in order that the grapes may drink in as much sunlight as possible, the painful state of official responsibility continues excessively long. The grapes are each one specially examined and then divided into three qualities, the worst of which, however, goes into the middle quality another famous Rheinish grape (and its wine,). The Prince's cellars contain three hundred casks of the best "*Auberlester*," and the most recent vintage-year of this is 1861! The remaining nine years come under the mysterious categories of "gold." The annual sale to monarchs and diplomatists, amounts to a total of 21,000 bottles, so that this one fund represents a yearly revenue of 500,000 francs. Moreover, there exists still an extra-extra private cellar; wise, we may suppose, that may be poured out only to the Olympians themselves by Hebe, the pahrer goddess of waitresses. There is, indeed, in all things still a superlative of the superlative. As King FREDERICK WILHELM IV. was passing, en voyage, in Lower Silesia, through the town of Grünberg—noted for its wine which, calumnious tongues will draw holes in their skills kind harmony. As he played, nevertheless, in Sekt champagne factories is decorated into drinkables and dear genuine Mumm and Roderer—the Burgomaster handed him a goblet, leaf-crowned, full of the unadulterated aroma of Grünberg. The wine suited the palate of the King. The Burgomaster, enchanted, asked, "Your Majesty, for it is nothing at all—nothing, I should have asked your best!"

"Ne more, thanks," said one of us after the other. The British *pater-familias* glowed more and more, as one told him with the greatest tranquility, that he had just drank two large glasses, the contents of which, between brothers, "will cost three pounds sterling. A French guide, who had relapsed his colleague from duty, kissed the tips of his fingers at every draught of wine drunk by the party. We were in a frame of mind that inclined us to address everybody as "Your Excellency," and returned to Winkel to wait there four full hours in the celestial state of waiting for the next railway train. Whoever wishes, for any reason whatever, to devote himself to loneliness, whether it be that he doomed his own thoughts the best company or politics to solitude a dear, will find there everything in this respect that his heart can desire.

AT MOZART'S MUSICIAN.

The Secret—How Young Ladies Write Waltzes—The Venison of Mozart Mingle.

A friend of ours in the country, desirous of having a piece of music arranged for various voices, on the occasion of a school celebration, wrote to us in regard to it, requesting our aid in the matter. Meeting a professional musician, and asking him where such musical work could be done, he gave us the address of a person, remarking: "The old gentleman who can arrange your music for you is a rather peculiar person. He is wonderfully learned, but talents beyond that of an ordinary copyist, only he is a little queer."

Without losing a moment, we sought the address, the clue to which was peculiarly tangled. The first very distinct information we received was given us by a very genteel boy, who was engaged in dancing a break-down on a cellar door. "You you among there," he said, singing a recitative of the information to the air he was chanting, "where you see lager-beer. They is all Dutch there, and you can hear them singing now. The pretty you winds from in the third story. I takes him the German paper every day. It's a music and theatre crowd as lives there. Does you know anybody as wants a young gentleman as a clog-dancer?" Assuring him that we neither then, nor probably at any future time, would have need of his talents, he continued, still dancing, as follows: "Up above him lives the acrobatic brothers. You'll hear 'em. Under 'em, opposite the gas-burner, is the party you are looking for," and he pointed to a rather dingy tenement-house.

Our young informant was right; the house certainly was devoted to musical lodgers. As we ascended the stairs, we heard the tinkling of pianos, the scraping of violins, and *roulades* and trills were struggling with symptoms of scunner to pierce through the general din. At last we reached the third landing, and found the door. On it was painted a violin, with a French horn, all surrounded with a flaming red ribbon. We are not given to riddles, but we prides ourselves on the solution of this rebus. There was an O, then a pan, next the word F-h-e, and after that the lines of a musical score, with the two notes, do and re, in orchestra. It stood for "Open the door, do-re," which was probably the way the inmate of the room pronounced it. We paused for a moment, and were about knocking, when we were startled by the sound of something like a heavy body falling above us, and we heard a wheezy voice cry, "Never do, Jake. It's the third time you have missed it. Rub your hands and try it again. It's the clutch as how you ain't up to. Never you mind if you does jerk a piece out of me, so you gets me well in hand. Now I'm ready for you, and take a spring well up. There ain't no mistakes allowed in this 'ere business. Don't lose pluck, only recollect that some day your's expected to do it fifty feet up in the air, a hanging from a rope, and that if you fails then, even on the saw-dust, you stand a good show of breaking your neck. Now for it!" We listened. There was the shuffle of feet, then the floor cracked a little, and the same cracked voice said, "That's your sort. Practice makes perfect. Now blow a little. Maybe your last spell of sickness ain't quite out of you yet, and you're stiff, and neither your wind nor mine has been bettered by the low feeding we has all been put to. Now, little 'un show us what kind of a limber kid you is." We heard the patter of little feet. "If you are very supple, and don't make a bauk, when you're through, you shall go down stairs to the old gentleman, and stay there till he tells you to turn in. He's asked me to let you come to supper with him, and you're good for gingerbread true, which is better nor the crust you'll be likely to get if you stayed here, for times is rough, sonny, but Summer's a coming soon, and then if you works hard, we'll all go a starring together through the country." Evidently we had overheard a rehearsal of the acrobatic brothers. We knocked at the door, which was opened in a moment, by a singularly pleasant-looking old man of fully seventy. Our business having been briefly stated, we were requested to enter, and one of the two chairs in the room was placed at our disposal. The inventory of the room was accomplished at a glance. There was a piano, a bed, a table, two engravings of BEETHOVEN and MOZART, a pot of geraniums, a violin case on the floor, and on the mantel-piece a coffee-pot. In the grate, a small fire was smoldering, and before it slumbered a dog. Everything was scrupulously neat, indicative of decorous poverty, redeemed by a few stray lights of a refined taste.

"You wish them, Sir," said the old gentleman, with the slightest possible German accent, "to have some music arranged. Please state to me the occasion of this music. I have a good stock of patriotic, national, and convivial music; likewise poetry with very good music adapted to the circumstances. I charge nothing for the verses; they are thrown in."

"Thank you," we replied. "Both the music and the words have been decided on; all that is wanted is that you should make a solo or so, and then a chorus. Here is the score," and we handed him the roll of music. Just then there came a heavy thud from above.

"That must be very annoying to you," we said, involunarily.

"O, my dear friends. It was so at first, but see my old dog there, even does not mind it now. That is the way they make their bread. They are exceedingly polite and honest people. Sometimes I am too ill to go out, and they attend to my little purchases. There is a little fellow, a young baby, who has an instinct of trade, he keeps me company sometimes; it amuses me to see him play with my little dog. All the noise they make is nothing like the discordant sounds I hear from below—a perfect cacophony of bad notes. Even my poor dog howls at it. Here, Finette, show this gentleman what you know about music." The dog came to his instance.

"Do you like MOZART!" he said. The dog jumped up and gave a quick bark. "And BEETHOVEN!" The dog gave way to even a greater canine exhibition of pleasure. "Now, what about WEBER?" The dog complacently rested on its tail. "Not mentioned to him yet, and too old to appreciate the music of the future. But what about VERDI, the grand Italian maestro?" Finette simply laid down and refused to give any token of applause. "And OFFENBACH?" Finette rolled over and gave a low howl indicative of pain.

"I will now look at your music," said the old gentleman, producing a heavy pair of silver spectacles and placing them on his nose, after opening the piano. He struck two or three chords, with an assured and distinct touch, then seemed rather absorbed with the words than with the music. He sat in a dreaming for a moments. He spoke very deliberately: "This is very, very bad verses. Did you make them?"

There was a kind of blantness about him, joined to apparently so much conviction, that we felt rather glad we were not poetical.

"No," we replied; "though your judgment may be a little severe."

"No, I am always right. The words are wretched for singing. Verses that cannot be sung are mostly shocking things. You will excuse me, but if the God of poetry had a big rifle he would rap the person who made these verses over the fingers. The music is good, quite good, far too good for the words. It will be like a miserable rider astride of a noble steed. They may reach Parnassus, but maybe the horses knees will be broken. What bad poetry!" Evidently the copyist was getting excited. "You will want a single voice—a soprano, next a chorus—is it for men or women? For both you say? Young people! You say yes—Then they will screech. The God of music say no voices are good until they are mature, and even then they are good for nothing. There will be five parts—a solo, piano accompaniment. It will cost $15. You will pay me $5 now, and the rest when it is finished."

"Willingly," we said, placing the amount on the piano. "Try and make it simple and imposing."

"Simple and imposing! Why, my friend, these two words describe the home of art. Those man," he pointed to his engravings, "BEETHOVEN and MOZART, (here the little dog jumped and barked,) alone could do that. Stop—one other man be sides." Here he commenced playing with extraordinary skill a kind of harmony. As he played, his words came out like a recitative, he said, "I heard this music once in a beautiful garden. Roses were opening, the cattle sun was shining through the trees, the roses were sending forth their last sweetness, and the vegetables were singing. Good people were walking up and down the grassy lawns. Birds were warbling in hidden in a grove invoked a real Prince and his bride. They had only been married that morning. They had tears of joy in their eyes, and I had tears in mine, too. They asked, who make this delicious music?" Then a little man with a big, big eye and a pale face came forward and bow, saying, "I have composed the music, the heartfelt wishes of your devoted royal master." It was WEBER." Here he suddenly paused in the middle of a musical sentence, and hastily closed the piano.

"Your music is adorable. Do you not compose?" we asked.

"Compose! It is too late. All I do is to exist in the reminiscences of those who have gone before me. I live by copying music. Sometimes I get music to arrange. People, amateurs, teachers come here with their compositions. Young lady in Madison-avenue, think she make waltz, then come here, my friend, what I do? I take the waltz, I make it good, I make it good, I make it good

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

Office of THE DAILY TRIBUNE, March 9.

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

$1,000 U. S. 6s, 1881, reg.	112½	$1,000 U. S. 6-20 C., '65, c.	113½
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$1,000 do.	112½	$1,000 do.	113½
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No. 106 Madison-av. No. 12 E. 27th-st.
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LYNCH LAW.

A Murderer Hanged by a Mob in Abilene, Kansas.

Fast Experience of the Town—Reign of Crime and Lawlessness—Two Victims Mob-shab—Restoration of Order.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SOSONOR, KANSAS, Thursday, Feb. 20, 1873.

Another of those terrible murders which shock the community has taken place at Abilene, followed by the swift punishment of the murderer, not in accordance with the established law of the land, but at the hands of the people, in conformity with their ideas of justice and the practice of Judge Lynch. A sailor by the name of KELLEY, living at Abilene, was known by a few persons to wear a money belt in which it was asserted large sums of money were stored. On the night of Saturday, Feb. 17, KELLEY's partner went away to his "claim" to spend Sunday; he was gone two nights, and when he returned he found KELLEY lying in bed with his skull crushed in as if by the pole of an axe. Intelligence of the murder was no sooner spread abroad than a search was instituted for the murderer, which resulted successfully on the following Thursday. The Sheriff of the next county (Davis) seized a German by the name of ELSNER, as he was taking the train for Cleveland, Ohio, and found upon his person some bills answering the description of some known to have been owned by KELLEY; also some of the clothing of the murdered man.

Suspicion attached to ELSNER from the fact that he formerly worked for KELLEY and was supposed to have slept with him on Saturday night; he was very surly when arrested and denied having any money about him. The Sheriff took him to Abilene on Thursday evening, when the people could scarcely be restrained from executing mob justice. All day Friday there was the most intense excitement in town, and upon the development of more facts substantiating ELSNER's guilt they broke over all rules of law and order, forced the jail, took the murderer and hanged him, and almost everybody said, "served him right," because the evidence against him was so pointed and direct.

In this particular case there is something to be said as extenuation of the people's act. The dwellers of Abilene have been for so long a time, in fact ever since it was a railroad station, so overrun with gamblers, blacklegs, and wholesale murderers, that they have grown impatient of their rule. It has been the great pitch-mart of Kansas, and in consequence has gathered to itself hordes of Texas drovers, technically "greasers," a name synonymous with everything that is wild, barbarous and wicked; and these have attracted swarms of vile women. Gambling-houses and saloons lined the streets, till it was a place fit only for the worst class of desperadoes of the Plains, and these flocked in there in such numbers that decent men shunned the place, and "as bad as Abilene" became a proverb. It was the worst place in Kansas until Newton, the sometime terminus of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, carried off the palm by some superior inducements in cutlery, when the tide of the fairest Texan traffickers set in there.

While the full tide of the Texan cattle trade flowed into Abilene it was given up to the worst features of a reckless and abandoned life; there was no security to either life or property—like a town in time of siege, every man wore his pistols by his side, and the least provocation called for an exchange of shots, which was almost always attended by death on one side and sometimes on both. The element of law-abiding citizens was so small that any effort to suppress this lawlessness was attended only by wretched failure and ridicule. Only as short a time ago as last Summer, one might walk through the streets of the city, and through the wide-open doors see the gaming-tables inside covered with piles of greenbacks, sometimes with little pyramids of gold and silver, and inevitably with a revolver at each player's right hand. Twenty-eight of these establishments were in full bloom last Summer in this city of about seven hundred inhabitants, and these twenty-eight gaming-houses supported nearly an equal number of brothels. Liquor might be said to have run a stream from the bung-holes of the barrels down the parched and thirsty throats of the people.

With such a state of society imagine a Marshal attempting an arrest. Yet, when the influx of people seeking homes began last Spring, there was an attempt to bring offenders to justice. The Marshal was selected for his great size, strength and courage, and the people agreed to "stand by him" in every crisis. He was a powerful man, and so well accustomed to the wild life upon the Plains, that he promised to reduce the city to a state of order. Numerous arrests were made, and the calaboose came largely into requisition. It is stated that when a row occurred the Marshal would walk into the midst of the crowd—if the way was blocked, he would clear it by the right and left-hand blows of his strong arms—and reaching the heart of the crowd, would seize the combatants, one in each hand, and march them off to the calaboose and lock them up. So fearless was he, and gifted with such strength, he became a terror to evil-doers, for they dreaded the weight of the Marshal's clenched fist more than the butt of a revolver in the hands of an ordinary man. He was fast reducing the number of shooting matches and street brawls, only he managed not to put a stop to the gambling as yet, when a party of desperadoes resolved to kill him. To do this openly would certainly have cost them their lives, for he was accompanied by a number of men who knew well how to pull the trigger, nor wanted a second bidding to do so when their chief was in danger, and hence this he had inaugurated such an orderly change in the municipal affairs as had given an advantage to the law and peace-loving citizens; but they, six or more of them, enticed him to a house in the outskirts to arrest a so-called drunken man. Suspecting nothing, he went alone, strode into the house, when he was dropped to the ground by six balls through the breast from the hidden villains, who then, butcher-like, chopped off his head with an axe and fled. This was a severe blow to the welfare of the city. The murderers escaped hanging because they were in the majority, and for a time the old régime was revived, until the people pitched upon the notorious Wild BILL for their Marshal and invested him with authority to keep order. This he began to do, not so much by arrests as by shooting persistent disturbers of the peace after he had ordered quietness. His name was sufficient terror to a majority of the evil-inclined inhabitants to cause a quietus upon their brawls when he came near, from the fact of his known determination to get the first shot and the unerring fatality of his shots. Various stories go to the number of the men's victims are current, some highly embellished, but the most moderate fix the number of men who he has coolly shot down at more than twenty. The fact is he is universally dreaded among the ruffian class, and this is the man whom the people chose for Marshal, and whom they empowered with authority to quell disturbances. Many people may be ready to ask, "Why did not the citizens rise en masse and throw out the evil-doers?" Simply because the evil-doers exceeded in numbers the peaceable citizens. Violent disorders sometimes require violent remedies, and therefore was this man, Wild BILL, chosen Marshal. He effected what a less desperate man could not, and that was an almost total cessation of street fights; and after his retirement from the office for some time it was really possible to go through the streets of the city without personal peril. Yet the gaming houses, &c., were undisturbed. Civilization was not yet so far advanced as to warrant so extreme measures. All that was attempted was the prevention of shooting brawls in the streets.

It is fair to think that a man who has caused so much death to the world as BILL has many enemies, and that they stood for his death. A popular belief among these rough characters is, "A man that checks much will die with his boots on;" and it was currently believed that Hickman was a powerful movement among Bill's enemies was in vogue, and that he must "hold up." Now, whether there was any foundation, I know not, but on the day of the county fair in September last, there arose a dispute among some men; words were drawn, Bill, unarmed, passed, two shots were fired, when he instantly shot the two men who did it; one was killed instantly, the other lingered with very little in his breast for two days and died. A mock investigation was held; he was cleared of all crime "in the exercise of the duties of his office," and the assassination movement formulated, which it was noised abroad that the friends of one of these men whom the Marshal killed had taken the watch-word, bound by an oath to spill his blood. This was early in December, and people are disposed to give credence to the story from the fact that the Marshal disappeared from Abilene about that time, leaving word by his friends of this determined league against him. His whereabouts are not known here, nor are his movements otherwise accounted for, except that Government has some work for him to do elsewhere, and sent for him, as he has been in Government service at different times; but a Colonel Martin was appointed in Abilene. The causes which operated so strongly against the peace of the City were only restrained by a desperate hand, yet deadlocked, but what man could not do a concurrence of circumstances did. The A., T. & S. F. R. R. spoken of, was pushed through to Newton. This served to divert the cattle trail from Abilene to Newton. Then, too, the vigilance of the Abilene Marshal drove some of the worst characters away, and as Newton offered a premium upon gambling, &c., they went there. And to cap the climax, the people, the peaceable people of Abilene and vicinity, received to admit no more of the Texans; to shut up the city as a Texan cattle mart, and in order to effect this measure, resolved if necessary, to take arms and resist on the prairies, the driving of cattle into the vicinity. The determination, together with an impassable Winter for severity, during which the herds have been driven to within fifty miles